

THE STORY OF WOOLTON



October 1915

by a Native ~ J.F.Marsh
(Parts I & II)

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THE STORY OF WOOLTON

(“ Much ” and “ Little ”)

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST

By a Native

*Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
That never to himself has said :
This is my own, my native spot.*

1930.

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"The Story of Woolton" written by Joseph F Marsh, was first published privately by the author in 1930, followed by Part 2 in 1931.

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Published by "The Woolton Mercurv" November 1979.

Cover: Miss Gnosspelius.

Camera and Graphics: Anthony Kilkelly.

Platemaking: Terry Ward.

The Publishers would like to record their appreciation to Mrs Barbara Foy, (nee Marsh) for her valuable help in making this reprint possible.



Preface.

IT has been my intention for a long time, to put together a few facts and interesting details regarding this ancient neighbourhood, and now that it is finally and irrevocably absorbed into the great and ever extending City of Liverpool, and loses its own standing as it were for good and all, it is surely due to the memory of those that have figured in its remarkable past, that some record, however slight, should be kept of their splendid achievements.

I have therefore endeavoured to put in as brief a space as possible a few reminiscences, mostly from my own personal knowledge and also from items gleaned from time to time from old residents, and I venture to think that to the portion of the present inhabitants, who have little or no recollection of the many interesting events that helped in a great measure to brighten the lives of their predecessors, it will, if they have any sentiment at all, act as an incentive to them to try and "leave their footprints on the Sands of Time," as not a few of their own Village "Hampdens" have done in past days.

As to the older members of the community who *do* recollect many of the events narrated, I feel that it will recall to their memories many pleasant recollections of their younger days, and consequently be to them, a source of extreme pleasure and pride in their native place.

If it is received in that true spirit that animated the old Wooltonians, and due allowance made for unavoidable defects, the writer will feel that his efforts have not been in vain.

To make the perusal more interesting, I have given an epitome of the causes of the unique prosperity of Woolton in the past, the subjoined facts being well known to many now living, and I feel certain that quite a large portion of those persons will feel as I feel, that now that the old Village as it used to be, is merged into the great City, some record should be made of its glorious past. I also include a list of about 600 of its best known inhabitants in the seventies of the last Century.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'J. P. Reynolds', with a long horizontal stroke extending from the bottom of the signature.

March, 1930.

TO

SIR JAMES P. REYNOLDS, Bart.,

D.S.O., M.P., T.D., J.P.,

in memory of his dear parents, and in
recollection of the happy days spent in
and around Woolton in past years,
this Book is most respectfully
dedicated.

(By Permission).

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

to the various friends for the loan of original letters and photos, and Mr. J. Ronson Hall, photographer, Stonycroft, Liverpool, for permission to use copyright photographs of The Old Village Cross and The Old School.

The Story of Woolton.

Its Antiquity Woolton (or Wolvetun), or to give it its present correct name Much Woolton, is now after many Centuries of independent existence, an integral part of the great and ever increasing City of Liverpool, and its history in the future will be one with that important community.

Situate about six miles east of Liverpool Exchange, well wooded and on a high eminence, it has always been looked upon as a healthy thriving hamlet, and when Liverpool itself was simply a fishing port, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem were (according to tradition) in full swing at the old Hall at Woolton ; and the same Chronicler asserts that Woolton and the neighbouring Hamlets of Speke and Allerton, did furnish their quotas for the historic conflict at Flodden Field.

That being true, or otherwise, it appears to be an undisputed fact that its origin can be traced back well nigh a thousand years.

Nomenclature There have been explanations given from time to time as to its nomenclature, one being that long years ago the slopes of Woolton Hill facing east and west were absolutely bare and devoid of trees, and in consequence, vast numbers of sheep were grazed on them, the wool from which so greatly exceeded that of the valley below, that it was called *Much Wool Town*, while the said valley was termed *Little Wool Town*, or Much and Little Woolton as at present. A second and more generally accepted reason given, was, that the ancient family of Wolton de Wolton gave the neighbourhood its name, but that does not account for

the prefix of "Much and Little," and the difference in acreage of each is rather to the benefit of Little Woolton.

Be that as it may, the Ancient Villages have played an unique and important part in many ways, a fact which very few of the inhabitants, native or otherwise, seem to have noticed or appreciated as they might have done. Compared with other and more well advertised places, Woolton Much has kept fairly well to the front in the long era of its existence, and in fact it is only recently, since Liverpool absorbed it, that many, very many people have grasped the fact that it is really a fine interesting spot, and thus give an ungrudging though belated testimony to the sterling qualities of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet."

As stated previously, Woolton, both Much and Little, have always been regarded as exceptionally healthy localities, and that fact may perchance explain the reason for the enormous number of fine palatial residences and estates within their boundaries, and that of Allerton adjoining, said to be unequalled by any other City Suburb or Village.

<i>Causes of Prosperity</i>	These "stately Homes of England" as they may be justly termed, were built and inhabited (up to a few years ago) by Liverpool's Merchant Princes and Chiefs of Commerce,
<i>The Gentry</i>	and were, for some forty years or more, from 1850 to 1890, the principal source of the prosperity of the surrounding neighbourhood.

Built before the days of Trades Unions (as we know them now), excessive Income Tax, crippling Death Duties and Super Tax, they stand to-day (even the uninhabited ones) as stolid reminders of the matchless product of the Woolton workman in the Victorian era, and it may safely be prophesied, that under ordinary conditions, the stone

and brickwork at least, will, 100 years hence, be as strong and as good, perhaps better than many of the erections of to-day.

Effect on Trade Surrounded as they mostly are by acres of walled gardens and vast greenhouses, they gave employment to the great majority of Woolton's inhabitants both male and female (the latter mainly as Indoor Domestics), and on the whole, the terms of Service and Pay were well up to the recognised standards of those days, while in addition, many of them gave continual employment to the several local firms, for Joiner-ing, Painting, Plumbing, Laundry work, Horse Food and other requirements.

Effect on the Marriage Rate And last but not least, the large number of Domestics employed at the " Big Houses " had an appreciable and lasting effect on the marriage rate, for coming as they did from all parts of the country, Butlers, Footmen, Coachmen, Gardeners and indoor female workers, mated in many instances with the Woolton folk, and kept the population steady, and gave it new life and vigour.

Synopsis I have commenced with this greatest item of Woolton's prosperity, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, as being the most important, and propose to go on to the others in proportion to the numbers employed, and then to endeavour to portray the Social, Religious, Political, and other phases of the life of this interesting neighbourhood.

The Quarries The famous Red Sandstone Quarries may, I think, be ranked second in importance in having given employment to the male population of Much Woolton for several generations, up to the last decade of the nineteenth century, though owing to a variety of causes there is comparatively little work

Decline in Trade in them going on in them now, and the largest and best of them has been almost filled up lately by the Liverpool Corporation with all kinds of refuse. From my own recollections, and from information given me by several old inhabitants, it would appear that the period from 1850 to 1875, the Stone and Building Trade of the village reached its high-water, mark and from that time has been steadily on the decline.

Quality of the Stone The Stone is second to none of its kind for durability, and many of the finest Residences for miles round were mainly built with it, the principal being, Woolton Hall, Stoneleigh, Beechwood, Beaconsfield, Gateacre Grange, and the last addition to Knowsley Hall, as well as all the Churches and Schools, Allerton, and Mossley Hill Churches and St. Mary's Hall, Quarry Street, while the new Liverpool Cathedral now in course of erection has absorbed vast quantities.

I have heard it related that a huge Block used in the construction of the Sailor's Home Liverpool was drawn out of the Quarry by thirty Horses, and vast numbers of huge Grindstones were for many years sent to Garston Docks for exportation.

While on this point I may state that what is supposed to be one of the most perfect veined pieces of Red Sandstone may be seen over one of the South West Windows of St. Mary's Hall, where it has been nearly half a century.

Masons' Art Its perfect Masonry is a standing example of the Stonemason's Art, as were also the Filter Stones which were much in use up to 1870.

These were chiselled out of a cube of flawless Stone to the thickness of a sheet of Paper, to allow the rain water to filter through, and were marvels of workmanship,

not to be attained by the short apprenticeships of to-day. The inauguration of the pipe-water system, did away with the necessity for them, hence their disuse.

The old Windmill The old Windmill also contributed in no small degree to the prosperity of Woolton.

Erected in 1810 on the high ridges of Church Road, it was one of the most powerful of its kind in England and stood as a well-known landmark, even from North Wales, until 1898, when it was destroyed by fire, caused by friction, in a fierce north easterly gale and was not rebuilt. During its existence of nearly 90 years, it was worked with great energy by the families of Rose and Longton, and for a few years (in an interim) by Mr. R. Landsdale who was also a man of keen business acumen. In 1860 a Steam Mill was added and the newest types of Rollers installed. The Mill certainly played its part in the making of Woolton for several generations.

Garston Docks In addition to the foregoing industries, Woolton also benefited to a very great extent, by the construction of the Docks at Garston, and the various Railway extensions in the vicinity, many of the workmen who were employed thereon making the Village their home, particularly in the early 70's of the last-Century.

Farm Work For the rest, Farm Labourers figured in good numbers, and up to 1890, or thereabouts, the word "Unemployed" was seldom or never heard, a striking contrast to present-day conditions.

Washing Neither must the Laundries and Wash Houses be omitted, as they kept a great many females, young and old, in constant work, and a large percentage of Liverpool's washing was done in and around the Village; and although it was hard and laborious in those days, provided many and many a family



with a good "nest-egg" for old age. Roughly speaking they numbered 60 and engaged 300.

Social We now pass on to the social or everyday life of the people in those by-gone days.

It may not be generally known or recognised, that Woolton, in its own unostentatious way, has been one of the pioneers of many modern ideas, and was much quicker to adopt important improvements which tended to raise and foster higher ideals among her inhabitants, than many larger communities.

Friendly Societies In the years from 1820 to 1860 when the country generally was (if I may use the term) flooded by a continual series of efforts by various Reformers to uplift the masses in every possible way, the worthies of the Villages were not asleep, and as the idea of Friendly Societies, Working Men's Institutes, Winter Lectures, Mutual Improvement Societies, Spelling Bees, etc., was worked upon in several localities so, in like manner, Woolton did not hesitate, and quickly introduced anything and everything, that promised to promote the well-being of her people.

Hence we find that no less than five Friendly Societies were, in the early part of the Century, solidly established viz : Oddfellows (2 Lodges), Druids, Much Woolton Benevolent Society and Ancient Order of Shepherds, all of which exercised a tremendous influence for thrift among the people, and in the 70 or 80 years of their existence, disbursed an enormous amount of money in Sick Pay and Funeral Benefits both for Members and their Families, and thus relieved many an anxious heart. Free Medical attendance and Medicine was also one of their many Benefits.

And on this item, it is only fair to record, that many of the Gentry and Employers helped the good work of these Societies by allowing their workers half of their

wages during Sickness, and often assisted them materially during severe weather.

Mutual Improvement Then the Mechanics Institute idea was adopted, and a cosy substantial Hall of two storeys was erected in St. Mary's Street about 75 years ago, mainly by the shillings of the working men for the use of the people.

Mechanics Institute This Building has had many vicissitudes since its erection, and has answered many purposes, such as Soup Kitchens, (during Great Frosts), Police Court, Dancing Hall, Political Meetings, Lectures, Concerts, Religious Services, School-room, Penny Bank Transactions, Band of Hope Rallies, Mutual Improvement Meetings, Spelling Bees, and a vast number of other items ; and like " Johnny Walker " is still going strong, though the " Village Club " a later erection, has taken over much of the good and useful work that the " Mechanics " (as the Villagers call it) did in the past.

Religious Life The Religious Life of Woolton has always been well preserved, and on the whole, the various Denominations have got on well together, and without any friction. It was, as all other Hamlets and Villages were in Pre-Reformation days, intensely Catholic, and never appears to have absolutely relinquished its tenets in that respect, being typical of many North Lancashire Districts. The old Priory in Chapel Lane, now Watergate Lane, was erected in 1770 by a Father Catterall at the instigation of Lady Molyneux the then occupant of the Hall which is in close proximity, and who for many years kept a priest, and had Services at the Hall itself. Previous to that, its Catholicity appears to have been kept alive during the Penal Days by assistance from the Norris, Lathom and Ireland families at Speke Hall, and Old Hutte some 3 miles nearer the Mersey.

After the old Chapel, as it was called, was built, the Benedictines made steady progress. Schools were added in 1825, and in 1860 the present Church of *Old St. Mary*, off Church Road, superseded the *Chapel* Priory which was demolished in 1875, but the Presbytery and out-buildings are still existent, the Tombstones in the little Cemetery adjoining having been laid flat and covered with earth, and at the present time does not show any sign of being the Burial Place of many of Woolton's Worthies; only one Vault that of the *Bullen Family is now to be seen to reveal the past, and that is in the North Corner by the side of the high brick wall. The Schools attached to the Priory were attended by many persons now living, and exactly opposite where the main Door used to be, on the ridges of the sloping wall of the field may be seen a hole from which a "Jackstone" of Flint was knocked out, and a channel made by a Nail, to the outer edge of the wall. This was done by the last Schoolmaster, Timothy McAusland some 70 years ago, and is still as distinct as ever.

It is worthy of note, that one of the cleverest men in the North of England, a Mr. Peter Newby, taught here for many years in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Churches The Church of England does not appear to have had any striking edifice until the beginning of the last Century, when St. Peter's was erected in Church Road, and supplied the spiritual needs of its people till 1887, when the present stately pile with Tower and Bells took its place, and being on the high ridge is a landmark for miles round.

There are also the Wesleyan Methodist and Congregational Churches in High Street, built in mid-Victorian days, and each and all have played their part in moulding the religious life of the Village. The old Victorian Chapel in Gateacre Brow still being used is unique in appearance,

* The Bullen referred to appears to have been a County Surveyor.



Photo by W. H. Tomkinson, Liverpool.

MR. PETER NEWBY, POET, MORALIST.
SCHOOLMASTER AT WOOLTON CATHOLIC SCHOOL, 1766 to 1773.

and although some of the best families of Woolton frequented it, was not, owing to its locality, so intimately mixed up in the life of the village as were the others above mentioned. And while on this point, it is interesting to note the number of really earnest men, men of profound knowledge and vast experience, who have been on the various Missions in this apparently quiet and sleepy locality.

At the head of the Catholics, there were such shining lights as Dr. Brewer, well known for his great contributions to Literature and Science; Rev. Samuel Philips (who is interred at the Old priory), Abbot Burchall, who built the new Church and Schools, and who was the first to be interred in the new Cemetery at St. Mary's in 1885, The Revs. J. P. O'Brien, J. P. Whittle and W. B. Prest, all men of untiring energy.

Ministers and Reformers In the Church of England, the Rev. Robert Leicester (the Donor of the Drinking Fountain at the corner of Church Road), Rev. E. J. Bower, and Rev. G. H. Spooner (now Archdeacon), who erected the Parochial or Church Hall, and who was responsible for many striking changes and improvements in the every-day life of the people, while in the Wesleyan, Congregational and Unitarian Sections, such names as Holmes, Dr. Dallinger, Judge, Rev. Wm. Davies (the instigator of the Village Club), Dr. Shepherd, Rev. George Beaumont come to the fore, the latter in particular being a man of broad views and reforming ideas, and who, for many years, proved himself a true friend, adviser, and helper, to many of the youth of the Woolton's, both Much and Little.

And in this matter of the Churches and Schools, it must not be overlooked that all of them were greatly assisted by the great munificences and generosity of many of the gentry round about, to wit:



The Catholics, mainly by the families of Reynolds, Jump-Roskell and Hampson.

The Church of England by the Ashton-Tod, Earle Rodger, Durning and Mather families ; St. Hilda's Chapel of ease at Hunts Cross, coming from the first named.

The Wesleyans by the Healeys, Bacons and Oultons, etc.

Gateacre Chapel, by the Gaskells and Gossages principally.

One could go on indefinitely recording the good deeds of a large proportion of them, and it is only fair to give them due credit.

Schools And, as in other things, so in the matter of Schools and Education, Woolton was ever to the forefront. From the days of the old private Schools of the Bakers, the Lathoms, the Adcocks, Hampsons, and many others of the Seminary type, in the middle of the last Century, down to the well appointed Day Schools of the 70's and 80's with their able Teachers and Staffs, well up to and in fact ahead of their day, the villages has been well and ably served, and many a native when in lands across the sea, owes his prosperity and advancement to the solid education and general knowledge inculcated into his youthful mind in the Day Schools of Much and Little Woolton, and those were *not* the days of so-called *Free* Education, but the times when many a parent parted with the last few pence they had for "School Money," and it undoubtedly proved a profitable investment in the end, both for child and parent. And in this respect the Old Gateacre School *Gateacre School* (in Grange Lane), now the Council Room, played a very important part as it went in for more advanced Subjects than the others, under the clever Tutorship of Mr. A. J. Aldred.

School in School Lane The fact that the old Building still standing in School Lane, was the subject of comment in the newspapers recently, as being probably the most ancient in the country, bears out my foregoing remarks. As far as I can ascertain, that particular School has not been used as such since the middle of the last century, though I personally have conversed with persons that remember the last Master.

And here it is interesting to note, that one of the recently canonized English Martyrs, Father John Almond, when being cross-questioned by his Judges before his execution at Tyburn in 1612, admitted having slept on the edge of Allerton and Speke, and to attending a Catholic School at Woolton, evidently about 1580, though the precise locality was not indicated.

Festivities We now come to the various Festivities which enlivened the old days in the Village, and they were many, for the old axiom that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" was carried out to its fullest extent in Much and Little Woolton, and as the people generally worked hard and *Woolton Green* for sixty hour weeks mostly, so they fairly went in for Recreation on the occasions specially set aside for them, and also, as there were no Bank Holidays or Half-Days as at present (Woolton being later one of the Pioneers of the latter), they were obliged to make the most of their local Shows and Pageants, of which there were some eight or nine during the summer season.

Woolton Green In this line, the precedence must of course be given to the three days Annual Festivities known as "Woolton Green." It was held on the Green attached to the Coffee House in Woolton Street, and was kept up on the 24th, 25th and 26th of June, and said to have taken its origin from the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June the 24th, evidently a survival

of the old Religious Days. As well as being on the Green, it spread into the Street, and in the words of the Old Chronicler,

“ From Neddy Foulkes to Nanny Hall’s,
Double Rows of Stands were seen,
And Lucky Peter’s Cart just stood,
At the entrance to the Green.”

The full Ballad will be found near the end of the Book, in detail, so I shall only give a general description here.

Lucky Peter By way of explanation, it may be stated, that the “ Neddy Foulkes ” referred to was, at that time, the principal Grocer, at the North end of Woolton Street, while “ Nanny Hall ” was a well known Baker at the South end (who heated her oven with faggots) near the Old Cross and Pump, a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, and “ Lucky Peter ” was a familiar figure with a Huckster’s low cart laden with oranges, nuts, etc. (I recollect him personally).

This Festival was without doubt the Red Letter Day in the lives of the villagers, and truly it was a wonderful and amusing spectacle, and all of course were in their best attire, and on their best behaviour. Everybody had their cottages cleaned and whitewashed for the occasion, friends were invited from long distances, and a jolly time was spent, but as the poem again says :

“ The end came on full soon,
’Twas when Dan Lowry took it o’er
The Village Fete was doomed.”

Dan Lowry Now Dan Lowry was an enterprising Liverpool man, who in his zeal to utilize the “ occasion ” to amass “ Filthy Lucre,” brought a goodly following of “ undesirables ” to enjoy the sport, and these followers not advocates of Temperance soon altered the whole aspect of the Fete, and the whole thing gradually died out, and even the Green itself, where

all the fun was centred has long been done away with. The writer distinctly remembers reading the 2ft. green posters put out by the said Dan Lowry, and only a few months ago, October, 1929, was conversing with an old person from Ormskirk, who as a girl used to help a Mrs.

Mrs. Gregory at her Gingerbread Stand at the Woolton Fete. The name will be familiar to old Wooltonians, as the said Mrs. Gregory never missed coming to the "Green" for over '40 years, and even when it had become defunct she still kept on all alone up to the early eighties.

Club Days Second in importance for amusement came the "Club Days", of which, there were four in Woolton, and two in Gateacre (Little Woolton). As stated in the earlier pages, the Friendly Society movement was in those days, the early seventies, very strong. No demoralizing Doles, or Old Age Pensions as in these "degenerate" days, but a real earnest desire to help ones-self, and make provision for sickness and old age, the very last idea being to expect the *Government* to provide for them.

Consequently, as each Society during the month of July every year celebrated their "Annual Day," it was a time to be looked forward to, by the respective adherents of the Lodges in particular, and as a course by the whole community.

The Juvenile portion would never dream of ignoring "Father's Club Day," and who, even now, would have the courage to assert that the masses of the workers could do worse than revert to these old fashioned but estimable practices.

These "Club Days" usually consisted of a gathering of the members in full Regalia, at noon or thereabouts, with a Brass Band in front, and after walking in procession through the streets and visiting several of the gentry at the Big Houses, finished up at the Lodge Room, where

Dinner awaited them, and it *was* a Dinner, one you read about "as the saying is," after which the Beer and Punch went round and a lively hour or two was spent. After the Balance Sheet and Report etc. had been read, explained and commented on, all adjourned to a Field or Green if the weather was fine, and if not, many of them passed the rest of the evening in the Club Room, Dancing, or in the Mechanics' Institute which as previously stated, came in as a convenient place for anything and everything.

Effect on Work Now critics may say in reading this account of the Club Days and Woolton Green, that they were the occasion of much excessive Drinking, but even now at the present day the same may be said of many worthy and enjoyable Festivals; and, if the enjoyment of the many is to be curtailed or abolished, through the indiscretions of the few, then the innocent recreations of the people would soon fade away, and I would like to point out that in these Woolton Festivals, as a rule it did not keep the men away from their work for weeks after. They worked hard, and they enjoyed a good time occasionally. Moreover, the Ale supplied in those days was good as well as cheap, and generally speaking, no one was the worst for having an extra glass.

Flower Show The Annual Flower and Vegetable Show in July, came next in the list of Out Door Fetes, and was for many years one of the finest in the county. Long before Shrewsbury and Southport Shows came into prominence the Exhibition at Woolton was certainly one of the best. Being in the centre of wealthy Residents, who spared no expense to have their Gardens second to none, it was a friendly rivalry between the respective Gardeners, as to which could produce the finest Flowers, Fruit and Vegetables, and I confidently assert that at the Shows in Woolton 50 to 60 years ago they were in their prime, there were Exhibits which have never been surpassed by their Compeers in

these later days, though of course there are new varieties of almost every species of produce.

It was finally transferred to Sefton Park but gradually died out about thirty years ago.

Sports As in the case of the other Festivals it was made the occasion for a general Holiday from noon, and was similarly looked forward to each year. The Athletic Sports, with which the Show was worked conjointly for many years, was kept up alone after the transference to Liverpool, and was a great attraction to many outsiders, but that too eventually died out in the nineties. A local Show on Parochial Cottage lines is now all that remains of a once famous affair.

Gateacre Flower Show Little Woolton had also an attractive Annual Show each August, but only on a small scale, and that too passed away.

Tarbock Races An account of the Recreations of old Woolton, would not be complete, without reference to "Tarbock Races," or to give them their correct name, The Croxteth Hunt Steeplechases, which were ran for many years in various localities close to, from Old Hutte Speke to Holt Hall, Little Woolton. This was not a strictly Woolton affair, but it entered greatly into the lives of the male portion of the community, and was always looked forward to as a welcome break after the winter dullness.

Captain Baldwin The usual date was the Saturday nearest the 23rd of April, but for the last three years they were run (viz: from 1880 to 1883) Wednesday was the fixed day, and Lee Park, Gateacre, the agreed place. The old frequenters of this popular gathering, will never forget the familiar figure of Captain Baldwin with his *Green Cap* who was a regular Competitor year after year.

It is remarkable, the efforts that were made by the various workmen of the neighbourhood to 'secure an extra few hours to attend that meeting.

Woolton's Visitors In addition to the foregoing Recreation Events, Woolton was not lacking in smaller affairs, and many and varied were the amusements provided from outside sources throughout the year, and under the heading of "Woolton's Visitors" it may not be out of place to describe a few of them.

Shows The Wild Beast Show, which generally took up its quarters off Quarry Street, and was one of the main attractions from outside, and whether it was the famous Mander's, Wombwell's, or John Day's, never failed to draw a vast interested crowd, and to provide plenty of sport for the juniors, and many are the amusing anecdotes that could be related during their stay. Just one as a sample, and which I heard personally. "Ladies and Gentlemen, here you have the spotted Leopard which has a spot for every day in the year: Lift up the animal's tail, and there you will find the spot which accounts for. . . . Pass on to the next cage." There were dozens of similar Tit-Bits. And as a rule the "Shows" of those days were well worth a visit, as also were the Circuses that occasionally halted there for a few days, some really fine feats of Horsemanship being displayed.

And many of my fellow natives will recollect the smaller Shows, that camped on the "Marl pits" for weeks together, such as "Biddy McGees," Professor Anderson's Boxing Shows and Baby Shows, Cook's well known Shooting Galleries, etc., etc., to say nothing of the performing "Niggers" and innumerable Cheap Jacks, all of which helped to enliven the evening of the winter months for many of the working class.

The Great Orange Demonstration And while on this topic of Visitors to Woolton, I think that it will be generally agreed, by those that remember, that the two *greatest* crowds ever seen in the Village, were, on the occasion of the Orange Demonstration in 1878, and the Great March Out of the Volunteers in 1869 or thereabouts.

The former display was a prodigious effort on the part of the Orange Lodges of Liverpool, on the 12th of July, to beat all records, and Woolton, was simply overwhelmed, the newspapers of that time giving the number of processionists as 80,000 to 100,000.

They left the City by Smithdown Road and marched through Allerton, past Springwood and up Garston Lane, thence along Allerton Road and High Street to the centre of the Village, and from there to a Field in Church Road, opposite the Rectory, near Woolton Mill.

The march was long, the day was hot as July days are at times, and it is not to be wondered at, that every public house in the neighbourhood ran short of supplies. I distinctly remember one Publican saying, that instead of his usual two or three barrels per week he got rid of *Ten* on that famous day, and he was not on the direct line of march. Nevertheless, the whole "affair" was remarkable for its orderly conduct, and freedom from rowdyism. After staying in the field until 4 o'clock, and eulogising Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury etc., the vast assembly broke up, and returned to Liverpool by the Wavertree Road, without mishap.

Never has Woolton seen any such gathering, before nor since.

The March Out of the Volunteers With regard to the Great Volunteer Display it was intensely picturesque, all the Branches being represented, Horse, Foot and Yeomanry, estimated at 2,000, their rendezvous, being Gateacre Grange Park, which was kindly placed at their

disposal by Sir Andrew Barclay Walker (the Donor of the Walker Art Gallery), who then resided at the Grange.

It was on a Saturday afternoon in glorious weather, and was a spectacle never to be forgotten.

Ballad Singers Another class of "Visitor" was the now defunct Ballad Singer, who with hundreds of badly printed sheets of Doggerel Rhymes on his arm, paraded the streets from time to time, after every Great Shipwreck, Murder, or exciting Case in the Police Courts, from the wreck of the "Northfleet," the "Atlantic," "Eurydice," "Princess Alice," and "Grosser Kurfurst"; to the famous Tichborne Trial, the Murders by Henry Wainwright, Wm. Fish and Charles Peace, and even the Local Flower Show, and the people at it, were graphically described one year by an enterprising youth who, in the "gloaming" of a July evening showed his whereabouts by having an old time Dip Candle stuck in his hat. Who dare say that energy was lacking in the old Victorian Days, after that.

Ballads of the Flower Show

The Road to Diddle 'em So much for Woolton's Visitors, who came openly, "and played the game" but, alas, there was *one* at least, who was *not* jannock, and, there will probably be a few persons still living who can recollect the "incident."

The scene was laid in the Mechanics Institute, which as before mentioned, has seen many a strange "event" within its plain walls.

A Great Entertainment was announced. A famous "Professor," or at least, one with a famous name, had flaming posters placarded on the hoardings and in the Shops, (I remember seeing them), describing the wonderful and sensational Performance, the first of its kind, viz: "The Road to Diddle 'em." Being pushed by several well known residents, who had been approached by the

"Professor" to assist him, the Room was crowded to the Doors, and a few minutes before the time given for commencing (7-30), one of the "Company" arrived, and said that the Bus had been delayed, and, the Professor would be with them shortly.

In the meantime, he proceeded to transfer the takings from the local, attendant to his own small Portmanteau, and expressed extreme satisfaction at the large attendance. After waiting some 15 minutes, or more, this individual seemed anxious about the 'non-arrival of his "Chief," and casually remarked that he would go outside and see if there were any signs of his coming. He got out, away from the expecting audience of course carrying his bag, and lo, The "Play was over." The "Road to Diddle 'em" had been acted to perfection, no more was seen or heard of him, he could not be traced. Another instance of "enterprise" in the old days.

That is the type of "Visitor" Woolton did *not* want and fortunately did not *get*, a second time.

There was also another "Visitor" if he may be put under that category, who came practically every Saturday, and, though it was in the early eighties, I think it well to include him, as he was a well-known figure for many years, viz: Timothy Dunbabin, familiarly known as "Tim Bobbin," and it would not be exaggerating, to assert that he was as fully a Comic and interesting a character as any of Edwin Waugh's creations in the old "Lancashire Sketches," as the older people of Woolton will, I think, admit.

Small of stature, jovial countenance, a round shallow soft hat, covering his locks of snow white hair, Tim was a figure once seen never forgotten.

He was not of course a native of the Village, but hailed from the neighbouring town of Oglet, then a thriving Shrimp catching centre on the bend of the Mersey, between Speke and Hale Point, 5 miles south of Woolton, and

where there used to be quite a number of Ancient Cottages, with Shrimp-Boilers attached, cut as it were, into the Banks as in the old smuggling Villages of Clovelly, Devon.

Shrimping was undoubtedly a good thing for many a family in that vicinity.

Well! from this hive of industry came forth Timothy Dunbabin, who, it may be stated was, in his earlier days, what is called a " Lob " (or Game Beater) for the Sportsmen, and with a large Basket on his arm, full of lovely Boiled Shrimps, covered with a snowy-white cloth (the old lady at home had seen to that), proceeded towards Woolton, each Saturday afternoon with a lively step, humming a merry air, missing nothing on the way, and accosting all he met in a jaunty fashion.

Usually, the shrimps were disposed of by 4 o'clock, or thereabouts, and, alas that it should have to be recorded. Our friend Tim, who, if he had faithfully carried out the instructions from the wife of his " Boosom " would, after making a few purchases of groceries etc. with the proceeds of his sales, have trudged off home again, allowed on very many occasions his liking for good Woolton Ale to get the better of him, and then, the lively spirit of the old man asserted itself.

Proceeding in leisurely fashion and swinging gait, he would startle the passers-by in Woolton Street and Allerton Road, by proclaiming in a loud stenorian voice :

Lost, Stolen or Strayed, a piece of Land, with a Wind-mill on it :

Whomsoever shall bring the same to 33 Gateacre Brow, shall be rewarded with a leg of mutton, and the bones well polished : God Save the Queen.

After that he would make a few purchases at one or other of the shops, and invariably cause great amusement to the customers therein by giving verses of old time Ditties, and on one occasion he went into a provision shop,

and seeing the proprietor at work sawing a ham bone, without a moment's hesitation, exclaimed—"Well! well! well! Mister! Of all the saws I ever saw, ah never saw a saw saw like *that* saw saws!"

Such were the "antics and "doings" of Owd Tim Bobbin, who livened the Saturday afternoons in Woolton for many years, and whose comic sayings and "adventures" would fill this book.

But, unfortunately, he is said to have incurred the displeasure of the Lady of the Manor (under whom he resided), and falling on evil days, Woolton saw him no more.

Referring to Oglet, it may not be put out of place to mention that within the last 70 years, several Whales have been stranded on its muddy shore, the skeleton of one being still on view in the Museum at Liverpool, and the others (with laudable enterprise) being boarded round and visitors charged sixpence for the "view" of the carcase; and no small number made a Sunday afternoon of it. Many a couple in Woolton will n'er forget, going to see th' Whale at Oglet.

The Boarding etc, was, I believe done by the Junior Dunbabins.

Moody and Sankey Still another type of visitor (or visitors) who only came *once* but who nevertheless created a "sensation" at the time (about 1876) were the famous American "Evangelists," Messrs. Moody and Sankey; and though there were not very many "camp followers" with them direct, there was a crowd of about 2,000 massed in and around the timber yard, (on the site of the Old Marl Pits where they took their stand), to listen to the impassioned appeals and singing etc

Scene in Quarry St. It was a lovely summer's evening, calm and clear (Sunday), and the "scene" as viewed from outside the fringe of the gathering, as the setting western sun threw its rays upon them, was,

to say the least, picturesque in the extreme, and a sight to be long remembered.

Whether the after-results of their fiery eloquence realized the hopes and desires of the promoters of the visit, it is not in the province of the author to discuss, but it certainly was a unique event in the village, and went far to prove two facts, viz :—That even in the opinion of two such distinguished personages, Woolton was considered *important* enough to be honoured by a visit ; and secondly that its people had kept up their time-honoured reputation of free toleration for *all* religious creeds and beliefs.

Local Patriotism Nor were the old Wooltonians lacking in Patriotism, or the spirit of adventure, for as regards the former it can almost be said that they were represented in most of the famous Regiments of the Line, as well as all the Guards units, and in consequence figured in many of the Empire's great Battles. There were Woolton Boys in the Indian Mutiny, and the Crimea, and in the Afghan, Zulu, Egyptian and Boer Wars, to say nothing of the Great War.

Militia and Volunteers They were also strongly represented in the old Militia and Volunteers, and boasted many a crack shot in the Artillery Section, in the days when the Garston Batteries practised on the Speke foreshore every Saturday afternoon, the sound echoing for miles round.

Fighting Men And the Gentry too did their bit and were fairly represented, for to mention only two was not Tyndall Bright of the 90th Light Infantry, killed in South Africa, and General Earle in the Soudan among the " Fuzzy Wuzzies," and so on.

Adventure So also, the same pluck and spirit animated the youths, and even elders, in the lines of adventure, throughout the 19th Century, for large

numbers of them, and many whole families were not afraid to try their fortunes in "lands across the sea," either by emigration or private means, and it is no exaggeration to say that from Greenlands Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand, from the Backwoods of America and the plains of Texas as well as the swamps of Tennessee, to the hot scorching Deserts of New Holland (Australia) or the Veldts of South Africa, it would be next to impossible to get out of touch with one or other of the Woolton Clan, or their descendants even at the present day.

And they went at given periods, not because they were out of work, but solely to "better themselves." The years 1846, 1860, 1870 to 1875, and 1880 to 1883, were noted for these remarkable "Treks." Methinks that many of the "Dole Fed" youths of to-day, would not be any worse off if they endeavoured to emulate their sturdy Ancestors, and not wait for work to come to them.

Fame Abroad And for the most part they did "well", and many a Bridge and public Building in the "States" and in Australia, bears the impress of one or other of these good old Woolton Pioneers, to say nothing of great Singers, Musicians etc, who also have made their "mark abroad."

Post Office The Post Office at Woolton has, too, always been well to the fore, and in the van of Progress, from the days of 1820, when the one messenger came direct from Liverpool *via* Wavertree, and by shrill Bugle notes, announced his arrival at the top of Church Road; and later in the 40's, when "Posy Billy" was the main figure (so called from his always wearing a huge flower in his button hole). The letters were also brought to Woolton from Prescott for many years.

At that time (the 20's) the charge for letters was a shilling (so I have been informed), and the odd

newspapers that there were at that period were passed round for perusal, being beyond the means of most of the inhabitants, who I may mention did not aggregate a thousand.

Private Letter Bags Here again we may attribute the excellent Postal Services of the 60's onwards to the presence of the Gentry round about who insisted on being *efficiently* attended to, and who in very many instances had their own Private Bags, and sent their own employees for their letters.

These bags, for which an annual fee was paid, were locked by the local Sub-Postmaster, the owners, of course, having a duplicate key. These are, I believe practically done away with.

Letter Charges The charges in those days (the 70's) were, Letters 1d. per oz., Post Cards and Circulars $\frac{1}{2}$ d., Telegrams 20 words for 1/-, address not counted.

P.O. Civility The control of the Woolton Post Office has been in the hands of one family for practically a century, and rightly and deservedly, have they earned the goodwill and thanks of the Villagers for their assiduous and untiring attention to their multifarious duties, and for unrivalled civility in every way.

The present office in Woolton Street was opened in 1866.

The Police No story of Woolton would be complete without a mention of the excellent services of the Police, from the days of the "Village Beadle" and ancient "Coal Hole" and "Constabulary Station," to the more enlightened methods of recent years.

For many years, up to 1873 (when the present Offices were erected), what few delinquents were "handled,"

were taken to the Old Constabulary House in Woolton Street (opposite "Out Lane"), and the Justices sat in the Mechanics Institute.

Critics may ask, "Why should a quiet respectable spot like Woolton require a Police Force of seven or eight," but even here, "Human Nature" is not proof against weakness of will, and it is pleasing to record that there were seldom any serious offences; Drinks and Trespassing mostly, and, as stated earlier, there was a large element of working navvies and labourers, owing to the Garston Docks. Construction and Railway extensions in the 70's, and the heavy nature of their work, and the cheapness, and good quality of the Ale, tempted them to go a little too far occasionally, leaving out the presence of a few ne'er do wells, which may be found in every community.

It must also be remembered that, at that period, there were nearly forty Public Houses in the district, and except on Fete Days and other Holidays there were not many other solid attractions.

As a pure matter of fact, about half a dozen families would probably account for the majority of the convictions.

An efficient Police Force was also necessary, owing to the exceptional number of large houses in the vicinity, which had to be regularly "patrolled," and in this line, we must overlook an occasional slip, on the part of an odd Constable in being discovered down the "Firehole" of the "Hothouses" on the large Estates in the early hours of the winters mornings when, they should have been on the "beat."

However, the various Inspectors, Sergeants, and Constables stationed at Woolton, were, speaking generally, all that could be desired.

Pig Keeping Woolton was also noted for the great number of Pigs kept: up to 50 years ago, practically all the Cottagers had their "Pigstye" and their own supply of good, well cured Bacon and Hams,

a marked contrast to the conditions of to-day, when nine tenths of the product of the Pig, comes from abroad, and in the modern built cottages you may look in vain for the hooks in the ceiling or the "substantial pictures" hanging from them.

It may again be urged, that the old-fashioned method of pig-keeping close to the dwelling, was not "Hygienic" but, can it be definitely proved that the general health and longevity of the country people has improved by the restrictions. I make bold to say, that taking any year in the decade, from 1870 to 1880, and compare it with that of 1920 to 1930, the former would show that, in Woolton at any rate, there were more persons over 70 years of age, than there are to-day, and furthermore, that the "general health" was no worse, if not better, than it is at the present time, to say nothing of the monetary aspect, and the vast sums, continually being paid to the foreigner for a commodity, which used to be, and could yet be, supplied at home, and of undoubtedly superior quality. Practically, all the Pig killing was done by one family, of three generations, and although the modest figure of 2/6 was all that was usually charged, it enabled the Butcher, and to wit, his descendants, to provide for a "rainy day," so great were the numbers killed during the season.

Building Club A good many of the thrifty portion of the Woolton people invested their savings in the "Building Club," a Society which also played a prominent part in the life of the Village; and the Annual Division of Dividends, on what was known as "Building Club Night" in September each year, used to mean "a good time" for the local business people and shopkeepers.

Local Board In the local management of affairs the old "Local Board" were well up to date, and its "personell" has from time to time, included many able men, who would have left their mark

on a much larger community, and in one item alone, the main Drainage, to Garston on the one side, and to Halewood on the other was, without doubt, greatly to their credit and in many cases not improved upon in these more modern days.

The old "Board" was of course, superseded by the new Urban District Council in the eighties.

Gas Works The Gas supply, which was introduced here much earlier than in many larger districts, has also been excellent, and the old Management and Secretary deserve a word of commendation.

Politics In the matter of Politics, Woolton and the neighbourhood has always been consistently Conservatives, and since the Franchise and Redistribution Bills of 1885 has up to recently been part of the Widnes Division, previous to which it was merged in the South-West Lancashire County area. The Liberals always contested the seat, but were never successful.

Village Club Reference has been made in the earlier pages, to the "Village Club," and although it is one of the later (comparatively speaking) additions, it is, and has been a valuable acquisition to the Village, and is still doing a good work, and has been the scene of many interesting and instructive affairs.

It will, I think, be generally admitted that the Rev. W. Davies, the Congregational Minister of that period, was mainly responsible for its inception. Having endeavoured for several years to attract the Villagers, to his "Pleasant Saturday Evenings Temperance" in the Congregational Sunday School Room by securing the services of many really fine Artistes and Lecturers, the community were surprised, when in or about 1883, the principal item on his posters, on one particular Saturday Evening was entitled, "The Village

Club," and the Rev. gentleman in introducing the subject, outlined the ideas he had in his mind, and made a great impression ; and when he further stated, that the whole cost of the proposed structure, would be defrayed by the generosity of W. D. James, Esq., of Beaconsfield, one of the old respected families previously referred to, the whole Village was greatly delighted.

With his accustomed vigour, he pushed matters on, found a suitable spot in the centre of the Village, and in September 1885, the new building was opened, with great "pomp" and was made the occasion of an extra "Holiday," and since that time has been well patronized. There was also a "Ballad," attached to that affair, for Woolton has never been deficient in Poets. It opened with :

"Twas on a bright September day,

Nigh fifty years ago, Sir :

The people came from far and near

To see the gallant show, Sir.

And so on, in real "Vicar of Bray" style.

In its young days the Club was greatly indebted, (as was also the "Mutual Improvement Society," held at the Mechanics Institute) to the Rev. George Beaumont for many striking "Innovations and Improvements" in its working, and at the present time, after nearly half a century, is still very much alive.

<i>Relations with Neighbour</i>	The relations of Woolton with its immediate neighbours, were always all that could be desired ; Prescot, Garston, Widnes and Wavertree, being mainly responsible, for the
Musical	portion of its Annual Holidays and Recreations, with Ditton "chipping in" occasionally,
<i>Prescot, Garston and Widnes Bands</i>	and the scenes in Woolton Street and around the "Lodes Pit," when the Prescot Band (in yellow Hussar uniform) gave out the old tunes of "The Monkey's Courtship" and "My Grandfather's Clock," and then finished off with "Auld Lang Syne," in the calm,



WOOLTON HALL, WOOLTON.

still air of a summer evening, will never fade away from the memory of those that can still recollect it.

Con- valescent Home And last, but not least, it must not be forgotten, that there is a Convalescent Home at Woolton. Built some 60 years ago by the munificence, mainly, of several of the best families, it has been the means of restoring the shattered constitutions of hundreds of unfortunate people from the various Hospitals and Infirmarys of Liverpool and St. Helens. And who could wish for more ideal surroundings.

Situated on a raised mound, with glorious perspectives, embracing a magnificent panorama of the Welsh Hills, with the rippling waters of the rivers Mersey and Dee in between, looking due west; while on the south may be seen the Cheshire slopes of Frodsham and Helsby, the great Speke Hall Estates intervening.

Couple to these the fact that a large portion of the Woolton Wood, with its lofty trees, form a complete barrier against the East Winds, and on the north the houses of the Village itself are seen to advantage, with the old Windmill (now gone) and Parish Church on the skyline; what more ideal spot to recoup one's health. Surely the best of all Woolton's treasures.

As for the treatment therein, let those speak that have felt the benefit personally, I have never had the necessity to go in, except as a visitor.

Woolton Hall Before closing these little reminiscences I feel, that as "Woolton Hall" has, in the past, for several centuries at least, played such an important part in the life of the Village, it may not be out of place to give a brief outline of its history, as far as can be ascertained.

Originally, as the old chronicles state, Woolton Hall was erected in or about the 12th Century, and is said to

have been the headquarters of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and even at that early date was in touch with the Ancient Priory of Childwall (or Cildwelle as it was in its Norman days). Later it appears to have been occupied by the Norris Family of Speke and Hutte, and by the Brettarghs and Broughton's, and in 1700, the

Hon. Richard Molyneux is said to have *Molyneux* purchased the hall and its estates of 400 *Family* acres, and remained there until his death in 1738.

During that period, 1715, at the time of the Jacobite Rising, Lady Molyneux arranged for Catholic priests to reside at the Hall, and Fathers Holme, Chapney, Hutton and Catterall were there in succession, the Services for the Villagers taking place there, until her death in 1766.

The previous year (1765) she gave twelve acres of land to the Order of St. Benedict for a chapel to be built close to, which was erected by the said Father Catterall, and served by him until his death (at the Priory) in 1781. *See notes in earlier pages.*

Ashton In, or about 1788 the Hall and Estates
Family passed into the hands of Nicholas Ashton Esq., who had great interests in the Sankey Canal, and Dungeon Salt Works at Oglet and Hale Point, on the Mersey, some five miles distant, due south. There are still traces of a road leading from the Hall in that direction, as well as the other drives. The Ashton family were in occupation over 40 years, the "old Squire" dying (at the Hall) in 1833 and was interred at Childwall.

He appears to have been of a grand old type, and an associate of Colonel Williams of the "Woodlands" Little Woolton, another of Lancashire's fine old English Gentlemen, and both were Justices of the Peace. I have conversed with people that knew him personally and could describe his appearance. He was also High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1770, and Trustee of the Bluecoat Hospital.

In those days, 100 years ago, the Lodge of the Hall was in Allerton Road (opposite the Lodes Pit), and the Park grounds bordered the same road.

Jeffrey Family The Hall was next acquired by the Jeffreys of Compton House fame, and they appear to have kept it in good condition, and well staffed.

The massive porch (of Woolton Stone) was added by them, and all went well, until the disastrous fire at Compton House in the late "sixties," and from the effects and results of which, they never recovered.

Leyland Family The Hall and Estate was put up for auction in 1869 (the writer was present) but only the effects were disposed of, the Mansion remaining empty, until purchased eight years later (1877) by F. R. Leyland, Esq., of Shipping notoriety, who formerly resided at Speke Hall, but had to leave there owing to its being taken over by Miss Watt on the attainment of her majority.

And during that interval, several "Ghost" stories were circulated in regard to it, but none of them seemed to stand strict investigation, though in a mansion of that age, it is quite probable, that many uncanny events must have taken place.

"Old House" at Home All the previous changes and improvements at the Hall, were eclipsed by the energy of the new owner: front lawn raised several feet, garden and estate walls rebuilt, upper storey put on Lodge, new entrance gates, "Old House at Home," Public House done away with, and endless other innovations, all of which made lots of work for the tradesmen of the Village.

But in spite of the tremendous outlay, the family only stayed a few years, and once again, the Ancient Mansion

was empty and all around going to decay. For thirty years or more it has been in the hands of the McGuffie family (who also built a large extension at the South End), but mostly used by them as a recreative and hydro-pathic establishment.

The vast estates, which at one period extended from Allerton Road to Hunts Cross, is now being sold for Building purposes, and a new population is springing up : almost to the Hall itself which, with its wood and lofty trees and rookery has, so far been left, a sad reminder of a glorious past.

Icehouse, The three items of interest, to old inhab-
Dog's itants viz :—The Icehouse, in the Wood,
Grave, The Dog's Grave, (close by), and the Dobbs
Dobbs Pump (of unparalleled water), on the North-
Pump East side of the Drive, have practically
 disappeared, while the new Liverpool Tram-
 way Route has been carried right through the whole
 length of the northern boundary to Woolton Street.

My task is finished, I have given what I know is a plain unvarnished reminiscence of a dear old spot, though many more interesting details could be given if it was thought desirable ; but for the present I shall be content to " wind up " this little account with a few general facts viz :—Population, Lists of principal Residents and Business men of the Village in the 70's, also a few other well-known " figures," and several amusing anecdotes of Village Life, List of Public Houses and Laundries, concluding with several interesting items concerning Childwall Church and a unique Epitaph on one of the Gravestones there.

LIST OF GENTRY IN AND AROUND MUCH WOOLTON AND LITTLE WOOLTON IN THE 70'S.

Reynolds, F. W., Esq.	" Hillside "	Acrefield Road.
Broclebank, W. C. Esq.	" The Hollies "	" "
Healey, Aubrey, Esq.	" West Bank "	" "
Crum, W., Esq.	" Roseleigh "	" "
Earle, Sir Hardman, Bart.	Allerton Towers	Allerton Road.
Earle Sir Thomas, Bart.	" "	" "
Morris, J. G., Esq.	Allerton Priory	" "
Bailey, Lawrence R., Esq.	Allerton Hall	" "
Brocklebank, Thomas, Esq.	Springwood	" "
Bateson, J. C., Esq.	New Heys	" "
Leather, Thos., Esq.	Cleveley	" "
Mayall, G., Esq.	Allerton House	" "
Fletcher, Alfred, Esq.	The Obelisk	" "
Shand, Alfred, Esq.	Maryton Grange	" "
Carey, T. C., Esq.	Lower Lee	Beaconsfield Road.
Bushby, Jno. H., Esq.	Abbots Lee	" "
Rodger, Alex, Esq.	Beacon Hill	" "
Jardine, David, Esq.	Higher Lee	" "
James, Daniel, Esq.	Beaconsfield	" "
Pilkington, George, Esq.	Stoneleigh	" "
Hopley, C. W. Esq.	Newstead	" "
Hopley, Mrs.	Newstead Cottage	" "
Warren, Geo., Esq.	Strawberry Field	" "
Knott, Daniel, Esq.	Throstles Nest	Bell Vale Road.
Wilson, John H., Esq.	Lee Hall	" "
Kewley, J. R., Esq.	Lee Vale	" "
Harrison, Thos., Esq.	Belle Vale Hall	" "
Dutton, Thos., Esq.	Garden Lodge	" "
Dutton, John, Esq.	Lee Park	" "
Durning, Wm., Esq.	Beechwood	Church Road.
Cross, Mrs.	Yewfield	" "
Longton, Mrs.	Rosemont	" "
Cope, George, Esq.	Dove Park	" "
Stock, Samuel, Esq.	Knoll Park	" "
Stock, J. H., Esq.	" "	" "
Fletcher, James, Esq.	Woolton Hill House	" "
Ihler, G. F., Esq.	Rockfield	Cuckoo Lane.
Bacon, S. S., Esq.	The Slopes	" "
Oulton, Wm., Esq.	Hillside	" "
Leicester, The Misses	Oakfield Terrace	" "
Bright, Mrs.	" "	" "
Healey, Elkanah	Oakfield	" "
Stockley, Thomas, Esq.	Gateacre House	Grange Lane.
Bird, George, Esq.	Grange Lodge	" "
Leighton, Daniel, Esq.	Grange Farm	" "
Kellock, C. W., Esq.	Rough Grange	" "
Best, W. T., Esq.	Grange Side	" "
Thompson, R., Esq.	Elm Field	" "
Cunningham, H.	Gorsey Cop	" "
Cunningham, Walter	" "	" "
Hulme, Hy., Esq.	Gorsey Cop Farm	" "

Johnson, Daniel	..	Thornside	Grange Lane.
McLaren, W. and J.	..		
Robinson, H. J., Esq.	..	Browside	Gateacre Brow.
Culshaw, W., Esq.	..		
Daniels, P., Esq.	..	Hunts Cross House	Hunts Cross.
Gibbon, Edward, Esq.	..	Rosehill	Rose Brow.
Allen Mrs.	..	Rose Brow	
Robertson, Dr. ..	..	Grange Cottage ..	
Walker, A. B., Esq.	..	Gateacre Grange ..	
Gaskell, Holbrook, Esq.	..	Woolton Wood ..	School Lane.
Myers, Chas., Esq.	..	Camp Hill	
Chester, T. W., Esq.	..	Hillfoot Villa ..	
Paris, Col., ..	..	Hillfoot Hey ..	
Gossages, F. H., Esq.	..	Winwood	
Burrows, Hy., Esq.	..	Dove Park	Speke Road.
Tod, Mrs.	..	The Grange	
Penlington, Jos., Esq.	..	Sunny Bank	
Roskell Richd., Esq.	..	Chapel House ..	
Johnson, Richd., Esq.	..	Woolton Heys ..	Woolton Street.
Leyland, F. R., Esq.	..	Woolton Hall ..	
Duncan, John, Esq.	..	Fern Lea	Quarry Street.
Glynn, Walter, Esq.	..	Rockmount	
Gladstone, R., Esq.	..	Woolton Vale ..	Vale Road.
Moran, P., Esq. ..	..	Elmswood	
Clarke, T. C., Esq.	..	Vinery House ..	
Johnson, T. C., Esq.	..	Stanhope House ..	
Forwood, Arthur B., Esq.	..	The Priory	Woolton Hill Road.
Stubbs, Jos., Esq.	..	Dove Park House ..	
Leishman, Jas., Esq.	..	Gateacre Hall ..	
Jump, Hy., Esq.	..	The Woodlands ..	Wood Lane.
Thornley, Jas., Esq.	..	Baycliffe	Woolton Park.
Baker, R. H., Esq.	..	Holme Leigh ..	
Farnworth, Mrs.	..	Astley House ..	
Sutton, Miss ..	..		
Adams J. C. ..	..	The Riffell	
Rimmer, S. D., Esq.	..	Sunnyside	
Nutting, J. G., Esq.	..		
Tate, Hy., Esq. ..	..	Highfield	
Armour, T. C., Esq.	..	Woolton Towers ..	
Mather, W., Esq.	..	Culverden	Woolton Mount.
Clare, Mrs. ..	..	The Mount	
Jones, Miss ..	..		
Graves, W. S., Esq.	..	Dowsefield	Yew Tree Road.
Lemonius, A. H., Esq.	..	Stone House ..	
Thompson, R. H., Esq.	..	The Grove	
Rathbone, S. G., Esq.	..	Yew Tree House ..	
MacIver, Chas., Esq.	..	Verdala Towers ..	
Haigh, Geo., Esq.	..	Beech Lodge ..	
Pilkington, Leonard, Esq.	..	Vernon Lodge ..	Halewood Road.
Bahr, L. F., Esq.	..	Birks House ..	
Lupton, Wm., Esq.	..	High Berks ..	
Evans, R., Esq. ..	..	Orient House ..	
Oxton, Thos., Esq.	..	Holly House ..	
Gill, Chapple, Esq.	..	Knotty Cross ..	
Janion, R. C., Esq.	..	Woolton Grove ..	
Robertson, G. H., Esq.	..	The Nook	

Bland, Rev. Miles	..	Elm House	..	Halewood Road.
Ashcroft, Jas., Esq.	..	Clifton Villa	..	" "
Millett, W. T.	..	Holmwood	..	" "
French, Mrs.	..	The Lindens	..	" "
Rodick, The Misses	..	The Nook	..	" "

NAMES OF SOME OF THE BEST KNOWN "CITIZENS" OF WOOLTON AND LITTLE WOOLTON IN THE 70'S.

Anderton, Thos.	..	Woolton Street.	Cab Proprietor.
Allcott, Everard.	..	Allerton Road.	Draper.
Ashcroft & Sons.		" "	Cabinet Makers.
Ashton, Ralph.	..	Woolton Street.	Joiner, etc.
Arkinstall, Jas.	..	Vale Road	Butler.
Aldred, Alfd. J.	..	Allerton Road.	Schoolmaster.
Almond, George.		Halewood Road.	Publican (Brown Cow).
Ashe, Wm.	..	Woolton Street.	Grocer and Baker.
Allen, Charles.	..	Quarry Street.	Machinist.
Allen, Thos.	..	" "	Shoemaker.
Allen, Wm.	..	Acrefield Road.	Baker.
Archdeacon, John.		Back Street.	Milk Purveyor.
Astbury, Robt.	..	Lee Hall Lodge.	Coachman.
Adams, F.	..	Cam Street.	Boot Repairer.
Atherton, W.	..	Woolton Street.	Publican, (Farmers Arms).
Bushell, Wm.	..	Woolton Street.	Cowman.
Bushell, Jonathan		Allerton Road.	Carter.
Burke, Jas.	..	Cobden Street.	Publican (Cobden Vaults).
" Bridget.		Quarry Street.	" "
" John.	..	Rodick Street.	Farm Hand.
" Patrick.	..	Kettle Nook.	Teamsman.
Bickerstaffe, Jos.		Woolton Street.	Painter.
Bennett, Wm.	..	Quarry Street.	Market Gardener.
Benson, Ann.	..	" "	Cowkeeper.
Butcher, Wm.	..	" "	Bootmaker.
Binns, M.	..	" "	Police Inspector.
Blabey, Jno. J.	..	Allerton Road.	Chemist.
Birch, Edwin.	..	High Street.	Sunday School Teacher, etc.
Brocklebank, Edwd.		Woolton Street.	Publican (White Horse).
Brown, Jos.	..	Chapel Lane.	Market Gardener.
" Wm.		" "	do. do. Assistant.
" Matthew.		Rushton Place.	" "
" Thomas.		Quarry Street.	Teamsman.
" Wm.	..	Halewood Road.	Bricklayer.
Boyes, Mary.	..	Quarry Street.	Small Shop.
Banks, James.	..	Mason Street.	Miller.
" Thos.		Woolton Street.	Ex-Soldier.
" John.	..	Quarry Street.	Quarryman.
Baxter, Elijah.	..	Allerton Road.	Grocers Assistant.
Beaumont, Rev. G.		High Street.	Unitarian Minister.
Burchall,			
Rt. Rev. Abbot.		St. Mary's.	Catholic Priest.
Bower, Rev. E. J.		St. Peter's.	The Rectory.

Ball, Richard. . .	Woolton Street.	Bricklayer (Peters and Ball).
Berryman, Richd.	" "	Sub-Postmaster.
Blackmore, Isaac.	Mount Street.	Bricklayer.
" Thomas.	Rodick Street.	Miller and Baker (Public).
" John. . .	Quarry Street.	Grocer and Baker.
Baker Isaac. . .	Allerton Road.	Publican (Pear Tree).
" Wm.	Church Road.	Clerk and Registrar Marriages.
" Fred.	Vale Road.	Grocer.
Briginshaw, Robt.	Woolton Hill Rd.	Gardener.
Butler, Michael.	Mount Street.	Hod Carrier.
Bates, Hy. . .	Greenough St.	Gas Worker.
Barton, Hy. . .	" "	Quarryman.
" James.	Rushton Place.	Stonemason.
" Esther.	" "	Dress-maker.
Burrows, John. . .	" "	Bricklayer.
" Thos.	Woolton Street.	Stonemason.
Bennett, Robt. . .	Vale Road.	Farm Bailiff.
Bassnett, John. . .	Quarry Street.	Greengrocer and Milk Dealer.
Berrigan, Michael.	Kettle Nook. . .	Quarryman.
Barr, Miss . . .	High Street. . .	Dressmaker.
Blackburn, John.	Halewood Road.	Butcher and Publican.
Blundell, Jos. . .	Allerton Road.	Shoeing Forge.
" Jos. . .	Cuckoo Lane.	" "
" Jos. . .	Gateacre Brow.	Blacksmith.
" George.	Sandfield Rd. . .	do.
" Alice. . .	Rose Brow . .	Dressmaker.
Brettle Ann., . .	Quarry Street.	Small Shop
Berry, Ellen. . .	Rushton Place.	Laundress.
Berry, George. . .	Quarry Street.	Last Lord Mayor.
Burgess, Hy. . .	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
Barclay, Thos. . .	Yew Tree Road.	Coachman.
Connelly, Michael.	Pit Place. . .	Hod Carrier.
Carmiley, Robt.	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
Carmichael, Hy.	Quarry Street.	Painter.
Carr, John. . .	Castle Street.	Quarryman.
Carson, Francis.	" "	do.
Cookson & Wilson.	Woolton Street.	Pawnbrokers.
Collins, Wm. . .	Ashton Square.	Stonemason and Engraver.
" Joseph.	" "	do.
" Benjamin.	" "	do.
Calland, Jas. . .	Hillside Lodge.	Gardener.
Crellin, Thos. . .	Quarry Street.	Grocer.
Cross, Alfred. . .	Allerton Road.	Draper.
Cross, Dr. . .	Woolton Street.	Surgeon.
" John. . .	Cam Street. . .	Bricklayer.
" John. . .	Sandfield Rd. . .	do.
Croft, Thomas. . .	Allerton Road.	Publican (Derby Arms).
" Wm.	Lee Park. . .	Retired Miller.
" Wm.	Acrefield Road.	Clerk.
Coombes, Jas. . .	Ashton Square.	Gardener.
Cumby, Robt. . .	Woolton Street	Coachman (& Mug Shop).
Chisholm, Dr. . .	Out Lane. . .	Surgeon.
Crompton, Jos. . .	Allerton Road.	Blacksmith.
" Miss. . .	Church Road.	Schoolmistress (St. Peter's).
Coffey, Ferdinand.	Vale Road. . .	Gardener.
Carling, Thos. . .	Church Road.	Gardener.

Cheetham, or		
Black, Margt. . .	Mason Street.	Laundress, etc.
Carroll, Thos. . .	Mount Street.	Gardener.
Chaffers, Edward. . .	Woolton Street.	Bus Guard.
Cottrill, James. . .		Police Constable.
Cullen, John. . .	Quarry Street.	Boot Repairer.
Cannon, Edwd. . .	Rose Brow. . .	Coachman.
Clare, Hy. . .	Beaconsfield Rd.	Coachman.
Clayton, Jos. . .	Quarry Street.	Bootmaker.
Cowpland, Jno. . .	Sandfield Rd. . .	Joiner.
Corns, David. . .	Pitt Place. . .	Quarryman.
Caldwell, David.	Vale Road. . .	Team Owner.
Cavanagh, Wm. . .	Quarry St., South	Waller.
Cowley, Jas. . .	Halewood Road.	Gardener.
" G. H.	Halewood Road.	Coachman.
Cunningham, Thos.	St. Mary's St.	Bus Guard.
Cook, John. . .	Greenough St.	Coachman, Ex-Lord Mayor.
Dumbill, Richd.	Woolton Street.	Tailor.
" John. . .	St. Mary's. . .	Bus Guard.
" Nathaniel.	Woolton Street.	Ostler.
Davies, Evan. . .	Church Road.	Bus and Cab Proprietor.
" Wm.	Woolton Street.	Cab Proprietor.
" Wm.	Allerton Road.	Grocer.
" Ann. . .	Greenough St.	Publican (Greenough Vaults).
" Rev. Wm.	High Street. . .	Congregational Minister.
Davies and Wood.	Woolton Street.	Livery Stables.
Driver, Thos. . .	Woolton Street.	Chemist.
Dwerryhouse, T.	Quarry Street.	Miller.
Derbyshire, Wm.	Garden Street.	Teamsman.
" George.	" "	Gardener.
Drysdale, John. . .	Belle Vale Rd.	Farm Bailiff.
Dagnall, Richd. . .	Quarry Street.	Teamsman.
Dallinger,	High Street,	
Rev. W. H. . .	The Parsonage.	Wesleyan Minister.
Devanney, Patrick.	Rose Street. . .	Gardener and Pig-keeper.
Donnelan, Michael.	Rose Street. . .	Gardener (Ex-Soldier.)
Donnelly Patrick.	Quarry Street.	do.
" Thomas.	" "	Dogman.
Eaton, John. . .	Vale Road. . .	Team Owner, (Wife, Laundress).
" Wm.	Allerton Road.	Cowkeeper and Coal Yard.
" Robert.	Quarry Street.	Blacksmith.
" George.	Allerton Road.	Gardener.
Ellinson, Thos. . .	Woolton Street.	Pig Butcher.
" Wm.	" "	do.
" Francis.	" "	do.
" John. . .	Quarry Street.	Wheelwright.
" Edwin.	Sandfield Rd.	Bricklayer.
Elson, Thos. . .	Rose Brow. . .	Coachman.
" Job.	Mason Street.	"
England, Walter.	Quarry Street.	Woolton Brewery. and Black Horse Inn.
Evans, George. . .	Woolton Heys Lodge. . .	Coachman.
Edwards, Wm. . .	Woolton Hill Rd.	Gardener.
Foulkes, Edwd. . .	Woolton Street.	Grocer.
Fleming Bros. . .	" "	Grocers and Bakers.
" "	Quarry Street.	and Wine Merchants.

Fitzsimonds, Thos.	Allerton Road.	Retired.
Foster, Thos. ..	Newstead Farm.	Cowkeeper.
" Patrick. ..	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
" George.	Quarry Street.	Team Owner.
Fairclough, Geo.	Gladstone St.	Coachman.
Fisher, Chas. ..	Greenough St.	Stonemason.
Forrest, Wm. ..	Rose Street. ..	Quarryman
Fildes, Wm. ..		do.
Foxley, Eliza. ..	Sandfield Rd.	Laundress.
Flynn, Bernard. ..	Quarry Street.	Blacksmith.
Grindley, Betsy.	Quarry Street.	Laundress.
Gouch, Francis. ..	" "	Publican (Barley Mow).
Gore, Richard. ..	Allerton Road.	Tobacconist.
" Thomas.	Quarry Street.	Publican (Tailor).
" James.	Allerton Road.	Joiner.
" James.	Church Road.	Quarry Owner.
" Hugh.	Pitt Place. ..	Joiner.
" Mrs.	High Street. ..	Ladies' Seminary.
Griffiths, Thos. ..	Allerton Road.	Smallware Shop (Quarry Owner)
" Thos.	Pitt Street. ..	Quarryman.
Garnett, John. ..	Quarry Street.	Teamsman.
" Robert.	Castle Street.	Quarryman.
" Richard.	" "	Cowman.
Grace, Joseph. ..	Speke Road. ..	Bricklayer, (Wife, Laundress).
" Wm.	Quarry Street.	Cowkeeper.
Garside, Mrs. ..	Allerton Road.	Retired.
Guy, Robert. ..	Woolton Street.	Gardener.
" Thos.	Rose Brow. ..	Tailor.
" James.	" "	Postman.
" Fredk.	Belle Vale Rd.	Gardener.
Gilmartin, Michael.	Rose Street. ..	Cowman.
Greaves, Absolom.	Allerton Road.	Bus-Driver.
George, John. ..	Castle Street.	Coachman.
" Mrs.	Allerton Road.	Retired.
Greenough, Hy.	Quarry Street.	Publican (County Court Vaults)
Gregory, John. ..	Gateacre Brow.	Brewery.
" John. ..	Allerton Road.	Flour Traveller.
Glover, John. ..	Wood Lane. ..	Gardener.
Greaves, Neenan.	Quarry Street.	Coachman.
Goddard, John. ..	Sandfield Rd.	Market Gardener.
Green, John. ..	Rose Brow. ..	Teamsman.
Gamble, W. W. ..	Allerton Road.	Butcher.
Goonan, Edwd. ..	Quarry Street.	Gardener.
Gibson, Jas. ..	Castle Street.	do.
Howe, George. ..	Woolton Street.	Elephant Hotel.
Hodnett, George.	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
Houlgrave, Hy. ..	Halewood Road.	Gardener.
Hannon, Patrick.	Vale Road. ..	Schoolmaster.
Horan, John. ..	Rose Street. ..	Quarryman.
Hall, John. ..	Woolton Street.	Joiner, etc.
Hatch, Henry. ..	Hall Street. ..	Gas Secretary.
Hamer, Chas. ..	Woolton Street.	Chimney Sweep.
Howard, Wm. ..		Publican (Coach and Horses).
Hignett, Wm. ..	Allerton Road.	Publican (Skinners Arms).
Hetherington, C.	" "	do. (Ivy House).
Hartley, Joseph.	Vale Road. " ..	do. (New House at Home).

Hartley,		
The Misses.	Allerton Road.	Grocers and Laundresses.
,, Thomas. ..	Quarry Street.	Blacksmith.
,, William. ..	" "	Quarryman.
Halewood, Wm.	Acrefield. Rd.	Gardener.
Hampson,	Woolton Street,	Private School.
The Misses.		
Hill, William. ..	Church Road.	Joiner and Builder.
,, Thos. F.	" "	Butcher. "
Hodgetts, Ann. ..	Allerton Road.	Fish Shop.
Hunt, Leigh. ..	" "	Tailor.
Houghton, Thos.	" "	Quarry Owner.
,, Joseph.	High Street. ..	Gardener.
,, Thos.	Halewood Rd.	Publican (Half Way House).
,, George.	Belle Vale Rd.	Shoemaker.
Harrison, Peter. ..	Quarry Street.	Wheelwright.
,, Thomas.	Belle Vale Rd.	Publican.
Hornby, Arthur. . .	Allerton Road.	
,, Abraham.	Quarry St. South	
Howells, Chas. ..	School Lane. . .	Coachman.
Hislop, Wm. ..	Quarry Street.	Painter.
Hunter, Joseph. ..	" "	Joiner.
Hulatt, George. . .	Woolton Hill Rd.	Coachman.
Hughes, Wm. ..	Quarry Street.	Coal Dealer.
Hornby, Wm. ..	Mason Street.	Blacksmith.
Hannon, Honora.	Vale Road. . .	Dressmaker.
Holme, Jas. ..	Beaconsfield Rd.	Gardener.
Hibbs, Chas. ..	Halewood Rd.	Coachman.
Hutton, Henry. ..	Pitt Place. . .	Gardener.
Hale, Thos. ..	Lee Hall Farm.	Farmer.
Holgate, Walter. . .	Gateacre Brow.	Chemist.
Humphreys, Price.	Woolton Street.	Blacksmith.
Haddock, Jno. . .	Schoolmaster.	Church Schools.
Heskeith, Jos. . .	Cam Street. . .	Painter.
Healey, Michael.	Chapel Lane.	Cowkeeper.
Hughes, Hy. ..	Quarry Street.	Lawyer.
Hindley, George.	Rodick Street.	Ex-Soldier.
Ingham, Jas. ..	Provosts Yard.	Lamplighter.
Isley, Wm. ..	Gladstone St.	Gardener.
Ireland, Isaac. . .	Gateacre Brow.	Brewery Man.
Jenkinson, Ann.	Quarry Street.	Baker, etc.
Jackson, Jos. ..	Allerton Road.	Baker.
Jennings, Michael.	Quarry Street.	Publican (Stag Inn).
Jones, Thos. ..	Allerton Road.	Builder.
,, George.	" "	"
,, Edmund.	Woolton Street.	Ironmonger.
,, Richard.	Quarry Street.	Grocer.
,, Edwin. . .	Allerton Road.	Greengrocer.
,, William.	Cobden Street.	Quarryman.
,, Edwin. . .	Vale Road. . .	Clerk.
,, Henry. . .	Church Road.	Joiner.
Keeley, Wm. ..	Woolton Street.	Shoemaker.
Kay, Mrs.(Gannie)	Allerton Road.	Public Mangling.
,, Luke. . .	Allerton Road.	Retired.
,, Joseph.	" "	Stone-breaker.
Kershaw, Robt.	Castle Street.	Stonemason.
Kinnear, Alex. . .	Quarry Street.	Grocer and Baker.

Knox, John.	..	Greenough St.	Quarryman.
Kennedy, Jas.	..	Kettle Nook.	Gardener.
Kelly, John.	..	Beaconsfield Rd.	Coachman.
Kerferd, Wm.	..	Halewood Rd.	Gardener.
Lansdale, Robt.	..	Woolton Mills.	Miller.
Lawton, Thos.	..	Woolton Street.	Publican (Cross Inn).
Latto, Robert.	..	Quarry Street.	Gardener.
Lawrence, Richd.	..	Rodick Street.	Gardener.
Large, Wm.	..	Beaconsfield Rd.	Coachman.
Lawson, Peter.	..	Sandfield Rd.	Gardener.
Lawson & Rothwell.	..	Allerton Road.	Vet. Surgeons.
Leather, Hy.	..	Quarry Street.	Tailor.
„ Peter.	..	Woolton Street.	Stonemason.
„ Wm.	..	St. Mary's St.	do.
„ George.	..	Allerton Road.	Gardener.
„ George.	..	Castle Street.	do.
„ John.	..	Gateacre Brow.	Shoemaker.
„ Wm.	..	Cam Street.	Cowkeeper.
Lambert, John.	..	Allerton Road.	Boot Shop.
„ Walker.	..	„ „	Postman.
Lee, William.	..	Gateacre Brow.	Grocer and Baker, (Weighing Machine).
Ledger, Joshua.	..	„ „	Bear Inn.
Leicester, Rev. Robt.	..	Church Road.	The Rectory.
Liversage, John.	..	Woolton Street.	Gardener.
Liptrot, John.	..	Vale Road.	Coachman.
Little Hy,	..	Cam Street.	do.
Leadbetter, Mary.	..	Sandfield Rd.	Laundress.
Lowe, John.	..	Woolton Street.	Wheelwright.
„ John.	..	Church Road.	Quarry Owner.
„ John.	..	Quarry Street.	Gardener.
„ Thos.	..	Ashton Square.	„
„ Joseph.	..	Pitt Street.	Quarryman.
Loftus, John.	..	Kettle Nook.	Musician, etc.
Lofthouse, Joseph	..	Allerton Road.	Bootmaker.
Lloyd, Henry.	..	Woolton Street.	Joiner, etc.
Lyddieth, George	..	Sandfield Rd.	Joiner.
Leadbetter, John.	..	„ „	do.
Limpott, Mary.	..	Mill Stiles C'tge.	Retired.
Marsh, Isaac.	..	Quarry Street.	Blacksmith.
„ Thomas.	..	Vale Road.	Team Owner.
„ John.	..	Castle Street.	Wheelwright.
„ James.	..	Allerton Road.	Grocer.
„ Joseph.	..	Halewood Rd.	Wheelwright.
Maguire, Jos.	..	Pitt Street.	Quarryman.
Mather, Jane.	..	Rose Street.	Publican.
Martin, Chas.	..	Quarry Street.	Tailor.
„ John.	..	Greenough St.	Quarryman.
Mayho, Benj.	..	Quarry Street.	Police Inspector.
Mainwaring, Geo.	..	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
Marsden, Edwd.	..	Cam Street.	Stonemason.
Martin, Alex.	..	Gateacre Brow.	Bull Inn.
Matthews, Wm.	..	Grange Lane.	Joiner.
Merrick, Jas.	..	Quarry Street.	Bricklayer.
„ George.	..	Vale Road.	Gardener.
Miller, Thos.	..	Woolton Hall.	Butler (Caretaker).

Mercer, John. . .	Gateacre Brow.	Tailor.
Morton, Mary. . .	Quarry Street.	Laundress.
Mott, Chas. . .	Rose Street. . .	Small Shop.
Mooney, Jas. . .	Allerton Road.	Cowkeeper.
„ Thos. . .	Mount Street.	Quarryman.
Moore, Patrick. . .	Chapel Place.	Teamsman.
Molyneux, Thos. . .	Pitt Place. . .	Carter.
„ John. . .	Cam Street. . .	Stonemason.
„ Wm. . .	Speke Road. . .	Retired.
Mytton, Wm. . .	Woolton, Street.	Quarry Owner.
„ Thos. . .	„ „	„ „
Murphy, Chas. . .	Cobden Street.	Quarryman.
„ Peter. . .	Quarry Street.	do.
Moffat, Thos. . .	Cobden Street.	Farm Hand.
Munro, Wm. . .	Wood Lane. . .	Market Gardener.
McCarthy, Jno. C.	Quarry Street.	Schoolmaster.
McCabe, Owen. . .	„ „	Shopkeeper.
McTigue, Jas. . .	Rodick Street.	Publican.
McDermott, Martin	Mount Street.	Gardener.
Mc Arracher, Jno.	Naylor Road.	Contractor.
McNamara, Patrick	Rodick Street.	Waller.
McKenzie, John.	Castle Street.	Gardener.
McMaster, John.	Woolton Hill Rd.	Police Constable.
Morrey, Jas. . .	„ „	Gardener.
Nicholson, George.	Woolton Street.	Plumber, etc.
„ Miss. . .	Allerton Road.	Retired.
Newcombe, A. E.	Quarry Street.	Grocer.
Norris, Wm. . .	Beaconsfield Rd.	Gardener.
Olver, Wm. . .	Quarry Street.	Publican.
„ Exors. of Thos.	„ „	Quarry Owners.
Owen, James. . .	„ „	Miller.
Owen, George . .	Doc Park Lodge	Gardener.
O'Brien, Rev. J. P.	The Presbytery.	St. Mary's.
Pinnington, Richd.	Quarry Street.	Teamsman.
„ Wm. . .	Quarry St. South	Gardener.
Peters, John. . .	Quarry Street.	Bricklayer and Cowkeeper. (Peters and Ball).
Peers, John. . .	Rose Brow. . .	Gardener.
„ Wm. . .	St. Mary's St.	do.
Pemberton, Miss.	C. of E. School.	Schoolmistress.
Parsons, E. . .	Woolton Street.	Draper.
Potter, Joseph. . .	Quarry Street.	Quarryman.
„ John. . .	„ „	Clogger.
Phythian, Wm. . .	Church Road.	Painter, (Phythian & Hesketh).
Phythian, Wm. . .	Cuckoo Lane.	Coachman.
Phythian, Joseph	Allerton Road.	Greengrocer.
Poulton, John.	Hillfoot Road.	Gardener.
Prestt, Wm. . .	School Lane. . .	(Old House at Home).
Prowse, Dr. . .	Church Road.	Surgeon.
Provost, Jas. . .	Allerton Road.	(Oddfellow's Arms).
Pynen, Jane. . .	„ „	Laundress.
Pennington, Edwd.	Wood Lane. . .	Farm Bailiff.
Quick, Robt. . .	Cam Street. . .	Bricklayer.
Quick, John . .	Cobden Street.	Quarryman.
Quigley, Martin.	Mason Street.	Stonebreaker.
Qualter, Patrick. . .	Quarry Street.	Publican (Blazing Tub).

Qualter, Mary...	Pitt Place. ..	Laundress.
" Joseph.	Rose Street. ..	Clog Dancer.
Ranson, Wm. ..	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
" James.	Woolton Street.	do.
Rawlinson, Jos. ...	Allerton Road.	do.
" Thos.	Pitt Street. ..	Quarryman.
Ratcliffe John. ..	Quarry Street.	Bricklayer.
" Thos.	" "	Shoemaker.
" Joseph...	Belle Vale Rd.	Bridge Inn.
Rea, James. ..	Cobden Street.	Gardener.
Richardson,		
The Misses.	Allerton Road.	Confectioners.
Richardson, Thos.	Gladstone Street.	Gardener.
Riding, Robt. ..	Rose Brow. ..	Sadler.
" Mrs. ..	Cobden Street.	Laundress.
Revill, Peter. ..	Quarry Street.	Blacksmith.
Rimmer, Jas. ..	Church Road	Coachman.
" Moses. ..	Quarry Street.	Gas Worker.
Rigby, Thos. ..	Castle Street.	Wheelwright.
" Humphrey.	" "	Teamsman
" James. ..	Quarry Street.	Grocer.
" Thos. ..	" "	Gas Worker.
" Wm. ..	Pitt Place. " "	Team Owner.
Roberts, W. ..	Woolton Street.	Butcher.
Rogers, Chas. ..	Quarry Street.	Quarryman
Rogan, John. ..	Nook Lane. ..	Coachman.
Rowson, Jas. ..	Quarry Street.	Barber.
Rushton, Bros. ..	Allerton Road.	Timber Merchants.
" Richard...	Woolton Street.	Machinist. Inventor of Corn
" Edward...	Hall Street. ..	Wheelwright. Drill.
" David. ..	Allerton Road.	do.
" Robert. ..	Belle Vale Rd.	Millwright.
" James. ..	" "	do.
" Mary ..	Halewood Road.	Laundress.
Rudd, Wm. ..	Allerton Road.	Barber.
Rush, Martin. ..	Rodick Street.	Retired.
" Michael.	" "	Quarryman.
Sharrock, Richard	Church Road.	Miller.
Smith, Francis. ..	Woolton Hall	
	Lodge...	Retired.
" Henry. ..	High Street. ..	do. Wife Laundress
" Henry. ..	Quarry Street.	Team Owner & Coal Dealer.
" John. ..	Allerton Road.	Coal Dealer.
" John. ..	Castle Street.	(Painter) Publican (Castle Inn)
" Peter. ..	Rushton Place.	Joiner.
" Wm. ..	Woolton Street.	Plumber, etc.
" Mary Ellen.	Quarry Street.	Publican.
" John. ..	Woolton Street.	Small Shop.
" Wm. ...	Rushton Place.	Baker.
" Thomas.	York Place. ..	Coachman.
" Wm. ..	Grange Lane.	Grocer.
Sandbrook, W. W.	Elephant Hotel.	
Sampson, Miss. ..	High Street. ..	Ladies' School.
Scarisbrick, Wm.	Gladstone St.	Brickmaker.
Sewell & Co. ..	Allerton Road.	Contractors.
Sefton, Thos. ..	Halewood Rd.	Gardener and Greengrocer.

Seddon, Adam. . .	Gladstone St.	Joiner.
„ George. . .	Woolton Street.	Bricklayer.
Scott, Robt. . .	Allerton Road.	Stonemason.
Scotson, John. . .	Holt Hall. . .	Farmer.
Sloper, Thos. . .	Naylor's Road.	Wine Merchant.
Shanley, John. . .	Vale Road. . .	Farm Bailiff.
„ Michael. . .	Woolton Street.	Bricklayer.
„ Thomas. . .	Rose Street. . .	Plasterer.
Shaw, John. . .	Mason Street.	Chimney Sweep.
Sheard & Bruce. . .	Allerton Road.	Quarry Owners
Sherry Chas. . .	„ „	Butler.
Stead, Abraham. . .	„ „	Smallware Dealer.
Stevens, Richd. . .	Quarry Street.	Police Sergeant.
Sisters of Charity.	Woolton Street.	School Teachers.
Stevens, Geo. . .	Mason Street.	Miller.
Spencer, Thos. . .	Netherlee Rd.	Market Gardener.
Stirrup, Thos. . .	Allerton Road.	Plumber.
Stanley, George. . .	Grange Lane.	Cowman.
„ James. . .	Mount Street.	Gardener.
„ John. . .	Vale Road. . .	Coachman.
Sharples, E. . .	Church Road.	Schoolmaster.
Southern, Sarah. . .	Halewood Rd.	Publican (Our House).
Sumner, Thos. . .	Allerton Road.	Painter--Small Shop.
Swanick, Patrick.	Quarry Street.	Fish Dealer, etc.
„ Martin. . .	„ „	Team Owner.
Taylor, Richd. . .	Allerton Road.	Butcher.
„ Wm. . .	Acrefield Rd. . .	Bootmaker.
„ John. . .	Halewood Rd.	Butcher.
„ John. . .	Belle Vale Rd.	Police Constable.
Tarback, Jos. . .	Halewood Rd.	Small Shop.
Tebay, Sarah Jane	Woolton Street.	Retired.
Thomas, David C.	Quarry Street.	Grocer.
„ John. . .	Vale Road. . .	(Painter) and Gardener's Arms.
„ Joshua. . .	„ „	Painter.
Thompson, Mrs.	Quarry Street.	Midwife.
Tattersall, Dr. . .	Out Lane. . .	Surgeon.
Thorpe, James. . .	Quarry Street.	Goat Keeper.
Threlfall, James.	Allerton Road.	Publican (The Duke).
„ William. . .	Castle Street.	Teamsman.
Thoroughgood, T.	Rose Street. . .	Stonemason.
Toakley, James.	St. Mary's St.	Bricklayer.
„ James. . .	Quarry Street.	Blacksmith.
Turton, James. . .	„ „	Miller.
„ Wm. . .	Sandfield Rd.	Gardener.
Troughton, Thos.	Allerton Road.	Grocer.
Travis, Thos. . .	Church Road.	Plasterer. Ex-Soldier.
Tuson, Richd. . .	Allerton Road.	Grocer and Baker.
„ John. . .	Woolton Street.	Boot Maker and Sadler.
„ Wm. . .	„ „	Joiner, etc.
Tuohy, Patrick. . .	Quarry Street.	Grocer.
Turner, Jas. . .	Rose Brow. . .	Gardener.
Tyrer, Thos. . .	Wambo Lane.	Farmer.
Ubsdell, Geo. . .	Belle Vale Rd.	Prof. Cricketer.
Vale, Leonard. . .	Quarry Street.	Publican (Blazing Tub).
Warburton, George.	St. Mary's St.	Gardener.
„ Henry. . .	Allerton Road.	Postman.

Walker, John. . .	Castle Street.	Milk Dealer.
Walker, Timothy. *	Allerton Road.	Quarry Owner.
Wainwright Bros.	" "	Painters and Decorators.
Webster, Joseph.	" "	Carrier.
" Joseph.	Church Road.	Painter.
Whitehead, Wm.	Sandfield Rd. . .	Joiner.
White, Chas. . .	Nook Lane. . .	Gardener.
" Chas.	Mason Street.	Sadler.
Webb, George. . .	Quarry Street.	Team Owner.
Whitfield, A. . .	" "	Butcher.
" Chas.	Mason Street.	Butcher.
" Wm. . .	Quarry Street.	Gardener.
Whitley, W. O. . .	Coxhead Farm	Farmer.
Westwick, Wm. . .	Gateacre Brow.	Sadler.
Wilson, John. . .	Wood Lane. . .	Farmer.
Williams, Noah.	Quarry Street.	Gardener. Wife Laundress.
" John. . .	Woolton Street.	Farmer.
" Isaac. . .	Rushton Place.	Blacksmith.
" Owen. . .	Rose Street. . .	Stonemason.
" Stephen.	School Lane. . .	Coachman.
" Henry. . .	Cuckoo Lane.	do.
" Edwd. . .	Rushton Place.	Gardener.
Weedon, Saml. . .	Quarry Street.	Quarry Owner.
Wilkinson, Wm.	" "	(Stonemason) and Publican.
" Wm. . .	Church Road.	Gardener.
" John. . .	Quarry Street.	Vet. Surgeon. . .
Wignall, Wm. . .	Rose Street. . .	Cowkeeper and Team Owner.
" Robt. . .	Allerton Road.	Carter.
Wood, J. R. . .	Allerton Road.	Rate Collector.
" Alex. . .	Quarry Street.	Publican.
" Joseph.	" "	Stonemason and Publican.
Whittaker, Fred.	Woolton Street.	Butcher.
Whitney, George.	Castle Street.	Publican.
Wright, Richd. . .	Allerton Road.	Grocer.
" Wm. . .	Woolton Street.	Publican.
" Rev. Wm.	Grange Lane.	St. Stephen's.
Woodroffe, W. H.	Allerton Road.	Watchmaker.
Wright, Jas. . .	Mount Street.	Teamsman.
Woods, Thos. . .	Grange Lane.	Blacksmith.
" George.	" "	Cowman.
Yates, James. . .	Woolton Street.	Small Shop.
York, John. . .	Castle Street.	Quarryman.
" Levi. . .	" "	do.

PRINCIPAL QUARRY OWNERS IN THE 70's.

James Gore		Quarry Street.
Barton Bros.		" " "
Timothy Walker		" " "
Crowther and Houghton		" " "
Exors. of Thos. Oliver		" " "
John Lowe		" " "
Travis and Griffiths		" " "
Weedon		Quarry Street South.

LICENSED HOUSES IN MUCH AND. LITTLE IN THE 70's.

1	In	Allerton Road.	..	The Duke Vaults.
2		"	"	Pear Tree.
3	..	"	"	Arthur Hornby's (no title).
4	..	"	"	Oddfellows Arms.
5	..	"	"	Grapes Inn.
6	..	"	"	Ivy House.
7	..	"	"	Skinners Arms (Chapel Place).
8	..	"	"	Derby Arms.
9	In	Castle Street.	..	Castle Inn.
10	..	"	"	Fleetwood Arms.
11	In	Cobden Street.	..	Cobden Vaults.
12	In	Quarry Street.	..	Blazing Tub.
13	..	"	"	Mount Inn (Wm. Wilkinson).
14	..	"	"	Candlestick (T. Gore).
15	..	"	"	The Stag.
16	..	"	"	Quarry Arms (W. Oliver).
17	..	"	"	Black Horse.
18	..	"	"	Biddy Burke's
19	..	"	"	Horse and Jockey.
20	..	"	"	Barley Mow.
21	..	"	"	Greenough Vaults.
22	..	"	"	Mrs. Benson's (Top of Castle St.).
23	..	"	"	County Court Vaults.
24	In	Rose Street.	..	Rosevale Tavern.
25	..	Rodick Street.	..	The Shamrock.
26	In	School Lane.	..	Old House at Home.
27	In	Vale Road.	..	Gardener's Arms.
28	..	"	"	New House at Home.
29	..	"	"	Folly Vale Tavern (George Houghton).
30	In	Woolton Street..	..	White Horse.
31	..	"	"	Elephant Hotel.
32	..	"	"	Coffee House.
33	..	"	"	Wellbrook Inn.
34	..	"	"	Coach and Horses.
35	..	"	"	Cross Inn.
36	..	"	"	Farmer's Arms.
37	In	Gateacre Brow.	..	Bear Inn.
38	..	"	"	Bull Inn.
39	In	Halewood Road.	..	Brown Cow.
40	..	"	"	Our House.
41	In	Belle Vale Road.	..	Jno. Black Burns.
42	..	"	"	Half-way House.
43	..	"	"	Bridge Inn.

POPULATION.

1825	..	..	..	'926.
1871	..	..	..	4,500.
1901	..	..	..	4,731.
1911	..	..	..	4,320.

Anecdotes of Woolton Life.

Scene in Quarry Street about 1875.

The hour was 1-15 noon. The Children were on their way to School, when lo the Village Butcher and his hefty son were noticed driving a large Pig to their old-fashioned "Abattoir," which, by the way, they usually did when there was not sufficient room to "do the deed" in the owner's own yard.

As is frequently the case with cattle when being taken to their doom, this particular one, seemed to know and feel that all was "not well," and refused to go any further than the waste ground on the east side of Quarry Street (or Delf Lane as it used to be called). The Butcher who was well known for his great patience, made repeated efforts to urge it on, but the stout "Porker" steadfastly held its ground and would not budge. The children (in ever increasing numbers), forgot all about School and Lessons, and hung round to see the fun. . . .

Even the patience of a good man *can* be exhausted, and, after something like an hours coaxing, in vain, the order went forth : " Peter, go for th' Tressel and Turnell," which command was immediately obeyed, and in 15 minutes the children were privileged to see poor " piggie " slain in public, and the carcase put in the familiar hand-cart and removed to headquarters for the final dressing.

I make bold to say, that more than one half-dozen kiddies got the cane that afternoon, when eventually they did get to their various Schools. But wasn't it worth it, to see a Pig killed in the public street. A sight which not one of them witnessed neither before nor since.

Mrs. Murphy's Special Pig.

It was the "back end" of the year and pig-killing time.

Mrs. Murphy a well-known "pig-feeder" had sent one of her best to the Butchers, (she wanted some ready money for Christmas), and was duly notified a couple of days later, to come and remove it, and pay.

In the Butcher's yard at that time, there was about a dozen other carcasses hanging up, and it was a puzzling matter to pick one's own from among them, as they were all "much of a muchness," as is often said in Lancashire. However, the keen-eyed Mrs. Murphy scanned them over, and without much hesitation, selected as her own fed, one of the finest. The old Butcher agreed, but on a closer examination, the old lady was quick to note, that in this particular one, there was only *one* kidney, and quickly drew the Butcher's attention to the fact.

Without either surprise or hesitation, the old gentleman blurted out: "Eh! Eh! my good woman: Doesn't know that *Irish* Pigs *have* only *one* kidney?" For once Mrs. Murphy was beaten (and she took a lot of beating).

The secret was, old "Tommy" had a great liking for kidneys, from well-fed pigs especially, and this time the "filching" had been done from Mrs. Murphy's. *But*, it never happened again.

This time, the "scene" was in the busy Woolton Stone Quarries, (South End) the hour, nearly noon. The ancient quarry owner was "gazing" at the great throng of his workmen, from the top of the Poss, some 70 feet above. As he watched from his vantage point, the loud boom of the old Church Clock, began to strike the hour of 12, *The Dinner Hour*.

One of the many Stonemasons' "Apprentices" not seeing the "Boss" at the top, *immediately* threw down his mallet and chisel, and rushed off to his Dinner. The master's eye, being quicker than both his hands, did not miss the movement, and, in a loud stentorian voice, shouted "Eh! Eh! my lad! Cawn't let it finish striking!"

The promising youth, turning his eye half round, and upward, yelled out with all his might: "It's or reet mister! It only strikes *one*, when we come back!"

The Boss "collapsed."

The Widow and her Son.

It was a glorious summer morning, in or about the year of grace, 1867.

The sun shone through the glades of the Woolton Woods, and the Rooks and other of the feathered tribes, filled the dewy air with their cawing and singing.

At this early hour (6-30), a stout old lady in "Bedgown and Petticoat," might have been seen trudging along, what was then known as the "Back Street," a dark narrow lane, connecting Woolton Street with Speke Road, and at that time, only wide enough for *one* vehicle to go along it, with high walls on each side. With an anxious look upon her wrinkled face, the old person made hurriedly for Chapel Lane, off Speke Road opposite the stately mansion of the Jeffreys, Woolton Hall. But, why this unusual "turn out" at this early hour, by one who worked hard, all day long, and could well have done with another hour in her comfortable bed, in her cosy little cottage, on "Muck Brew" as it was then called, later to be altered to the more respectable name of Mason Street.

Well, it was the old, old, story of the "Widow and her Son," for "Big Marget" as she was called by the neighbours, had a good decent lad, Bill, who at that time was in the proud position of Rural Postman or half-timer, and whose duties lay in the direction of Halewood, some two miles distant.

Now, contrary to his usual punctuality, in turning in to his mother's home, in good time each night, Bill had failed to put in an appearance, the previous evening, and his anxious parent, after waiting up, at last decided to go to bed and hope for his return.

When at 6 a.m., the following morning, no Bill had arrived, the widow was "upset" and, being afraid lest he should lose his job, and also knowing that 7-30 was the hour for starting work, she couldn't rest and hence, her reason for appearing in Speke Road so early, as before related, namely to look for Bill.

Turning down Chapel Lane, towards Halewood, with hastening steps, she had just got past the old Priory and Cemetery, when, in the distance, she descried a man coming towards her, *with a black face*, whom she at once took, to be the Village Chimney Sweep, and who, she surmised had been out on his usual early morning round as was then the invariable custom.

As the two drew nearer each other, Marget was about to pass, when the other accosted her with "naah wheert going!" "A'm looking for ar Bill!" was the reply. "He's bin art all neet!" At this the blackman laid his hand on her shoulder and exclaimed—"Why, mother, doesn't know me" (being ignorant of course of the soot on his face). Marget was stupefied and blurted out—"Why It's neer aar Bill, is it? Wheer hast bin! and what 'er hast tha bin dooing at thisell! Thars bin with that drasted Troggy Bram again, I'll be bound! and that's how he's sarved thee! Luk at thi face an thi yure (hair)"

"We only slept behind yon haystack, mother!" said Bill, "and when I wakened up Troggy had ta'en his hook! Ar didn't know he'd bin practising with th sut on my owd phizogg!" "Get thi wom, and get washed and thi other clooas on, and pike off to thi work, tha great noodle," was the angry command, which, needless to say, was instantly obeyed.

In his future "expeditions" and "ramblings," with the n'er do well "Troggy," the widow's son kept his weather eye open for Sweep's Soot bags.

It may be here stated that the startling adventures of Troggy, both in Woolton and the Antipodes, would fill a volume of themselves, if they could be got together.

The Clog Dancers' Ruse.

This time the scene was laid in one of the Elementary Schools of Woolton, and in those days, owing to the absence of Movies, Gramophone Records, Wireless, etc., it was not difficult to get a full audience, which was the case on this particular evening.

Posters and leaflets were freely distributed, announcing the visit of the famous well known Bolton Entertainers, Musicians and Clog Dancers, (Heel and Toe), to wit, Professor Qualterini and Signor Delvasco.

As stated, the room was full to overflowing, and, punctual to the minute, the couple arrived, in full costume, and it is no exaggeration to say, that such wonderful talent had never been seen before, in the Village; and a request was at once made for their further engagement.

Imagine the feelings of the audience when the promoter announced from the stage that the unparalleled artistes, were two well known local men, viz :—One of the famous

Clog Dancing family of the Qualters from Rose Place, and the other, the modest Cornet "Lieutenant" in Patrick O'Grady's Garston Band.

However, the gathering having had a good $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours entertainment, fully equal to "Sam Haigh's" or "Moore and Burgess's" well known Troupes, dispersed in happy mood.

Who will deny after that the existence of talent in Woolton?

The Club's Annual Sermon.

The "Annual Day" of the Little Woolton Friendly Society (now long extinct) was drawing near, and the Committee met as usual to make the customary arrangements.

It was (as is still done in country places) the usual thing to hold the "Church Parade" on the Sunday, previous to the day, when *every member* was supposed to attend, and listen, if only for *once* in the year, to a good logical Sermon or Address, from the Incumbent of the Parish Church, in this case it being the Ancient Edifice of Childwall not very far away. One of the Committee drawing the attention of his fellow members to the depleted state of the funds, it was decided, that in place of the usual gratuity of *Two Guineas* to the preacher, that he be approached by a deputation of two of the Committee, and be asked to accept, for this time, at any rate, the sum of *One Guinea* and so "save the funds."

The Rev. Gentleman, (so tradition says) was waited on accordingly, but to the surprise of the deputation he did not at all relish the idea, but eventually "came round," and is said to have declared: "Waal! I *can* give you a Sermon for the lesser figure, but it won't be worth a damn!" The Club accepted.

The Police Outwitted.

It was on a Friday morning in the early 70's, and there was a "buzz" of life and energy in the old Mechanics' Institute.

As a matter of fact it was "Court Day," and the stern old Justices, drawn mainly from the ranks of the Gentry and a few Gentlemen Farmers, were at work (with Clerk in front) listening to the charges (time 11 o'clock) and delivering their by no means lenient sentences, for be it remembered, those were the days of *Law and Order*; no vacillating or "binding over" as in the third decade of our "enlightened" twentieth Century.

The Constables in their polished boots and spotless uniform and white gloves, flitted about with that air of respect to their superiors, which at that period they were quite accustomed to, and never failed to exhibit.

The cases were being steadily disposed of, one in particular, a Wavertree delinquent was sentenced to "Hard Labour," (I never heard for what) and was duly taken charge of by an Officer in waiting, en route for Kirkdale when suddenly, with a violent effort, he flung the policemen off, darted out of the open door, down the steps, (20 or more) into St. Mary's Street, crossed into Mount Street with (of course) the Officers on his track, though some 50 or 60 yards in the rear.

On went the chase, (no other police being about as they were all in Court), into Quarry Street, and on reaching the open ground by the Delf, "the Convict" made for the two semi-detached Quarry Cottages, and into one of the yards, well ahead of his pursuer, who was left panting at the gate, not knowing exactly which yard his man was in.

While in this quandary, the wily prisoner mounting the six foot dividing wall between the cottages, got into the Garden adjoining.

By the time the P.C. located him he was down in the Quarries, among the astonished Masons and Apprentices, who stayed their work to watch the fun.

On, on, now fully a hundred yards in advance of the Constable, he made for the east end of the Quarry facing, where there was a disused poss or portion of rock some 40 feet high, from which the ladders had not been removed. Seeing this, he made a desperate sprint, and mounting the ladder loosed its moorings and threw it down, just as the policeman got to the bottom, then utilizing the upper ladder, got into the "Mill Field," across to Church Road, and as far as we could learn was n'eer seen more.

Perhaps the Police Records of that time will show.

A somewhat similar scene was witnessed a few months later. This time, a local Shoemaker, who had very unwisely got "on the spree," and was suffering from the "Blues" was before the Magistrates, in the same old "Court Room" for drunkenness, but was "let off" with a fine, and, losing heart, even in his delirium ran out of the Court, practically over the same ground as in the case just narrated, but instead of attempting to climb 'ladders and posses', suddenly decided to commit suicide, and with this object in view, rushed headlong down the steep bank and into the "Delf Pit" some 10 to 12 feet in depth at that time.

As it happened, there had been a slight frost the previous night or two, and the ice was about half an inch in thickness and let him in at once. The shock of the icy bath, gave the "Son of Crispin" a rude awakening, and the crowds that had followed him were astonished to see him striking out, and after a desperate effort, swam to the edges, ran up the bank, with the ice clinging to him, and his ardour being thus cooled, was, so it was said, a wiser and a better man in the years that followed.

“Skogging Neet” (Night.)

It will naturally be supposed, that owing to the great number of public houses and taverns in Much and Little Woolton in the early 70's (averaging, as they did, about one to every 125 of the inhabitants, as against a *total* of *two* in 1810), that nine-tenths of the “skogging” (or friendly gossip) took place therein, but it was not so—for whilst freely admitting that each tavern had its own frequenters, and that it was a good evening's entertainment for instance to hear Owd Bob Carmiley's “Gathering of the Clans” at Jimmy Burke's, Cobden Vaults, or Little Dick's “Paddle your own Canoe” at Mary Ellen's, Castle Street, and Singing Bill and Tony Butler in “When Pigs begin to Fly” or “That is part of what I heard those two old women say,” in the Farmers Arms or The Old House at Home. Still, all that did not interfere with the old custom of going to each others house for a “skog” or friendly chat : whether it was the various employees at the Mill discoursing on the merits of their new millstones, or the Quarrymen on their latest find of good white in their new poss of rock, the Blacksmiths on their recent discovery in steel tempering, or the Teamsman and Farm Labourers on the result of the plewing match, all the old “worthies” were anxious to impart to each other all they knew, and that was accomplished in these friendly gossips.

Now it so happened that Owd Charley H. of Delf Lane, made up his mind one particular evening to go for a “skog” to friend “Rutchard” whose humble abode was near Pudding Bag Square at t'other end of the village, and in thus deciding had a double object in view, for it was no secret, that Owd Charles had a predilection for Black Pudding and Rutchards owd lady was one of the best makers of those delicacies in the neighbourhood, and it could well be understood, for unlike the fatless bloodless productions of to-day, the puddings as turned out in those ancient days, were true types of the product

of the pig and of the herb portion of the cottage garden, and owd Betty (Rutchard's wife) had mastered her trade to perfection, and made "gradely" good uns.

When, therefore, Owd Charlie ostensibly set out for a "skog" he had in his ancient mind an idea of sampling some of Betty's famous productions gratis, if possible.

Arriving at "Pudding Bag" he was warmly received, and took up a position on the old rush bottomed chair near the white table, on which as luck would have it, was a goodly pile of freshly-made steaming Black Puddings, "reet from th' Pon."

After a goodish long chat on various local happenings, Charlie at last "geet" his opportunity; when his hostess had gone into the scullery for a second, and his host into the yard, and deftly pinching about a pound of the newly-made puddings deposited them inside his hat, and getting up off his chair, said that he "mun be goeing" as it was getting late.

But Owd Rutchard coming in out of the yard, caught seet of Charlie's manouvre, and determined to gie him a lesson, and said: "Sit thee darn; thart not goeing yet; tha's only just coom in," and chuckled to himself, awaiting developments.

As previously stated, the puddings were fresh from th' Pon, and it was not very long, before Owd Charlie began to feel very warm and uncomfortable on his "bald pate." But his host persisted in raking up new topics, and th' owd mon was feeling sorely pressed.

Finally when the hot steam began to trickle down his cheeks and across his forehead, he "pood" off his hat, and pitching the puddings on to the table exclaimed wrathfully: "Tha's done me this time Rutchard; but its not jannock to play that soort of a game on an owd neighbour!" "Ah weel!" said Rutchard, "Tha knows

what Owd Tommy Ellison says ! There's ne'r no trouble wi gradely fooak ! and if tha'd bin gradely wi me, ah should ha bin gradely wi thee ! Good neet !" And Charley " piked " off.

After that drastic lesson Owd Charlie were a wee bit more particular, when he went out to " skog," and it took him a long time to " live down " the cutting sarcasms of his old chums when'er the topics of Black Puddings or " skogging neet " became the subject.



Centres of Life in Woolton in 1830.

In 1825-30, Woolton had less than a thousand inhabitants, and these may be said to have been divided, as it were into five centres, each having its own peculiarities.

First, and principal portion grouped round Woolton Street to the Cross and Village Well and the front street, as it was then called, (which latter appears at one time to have extended to the front of the Hall itself) and it was in this locality that all the Fetes and Festivities took place, as it included the Village "Green" etc.

Secondly. The cluster of cottages along Speke Road at the south side of the Hall, formerly known as "Pudding Bag Square," now Ashton Square, and comprising School Lane and having its own School and Public House (the Old House at Home), and mainly consisting of the employees of the occupant of the Hall adjoining.

Many of the old forefathers of the Hamlet first saw the light in this little nook.

Thirdly. That part of the Village round the Lodes Pit and east side of Church Road including, what was then known as "Muck Brew" now Mason Street. It was on this part that most of the Shows and Mountebanks etc. usually pitched their tents. The old "Gaol" or "Coal Hole" as it was then called, was in this portion viz : at the bottom of Church Road where the Fountain now stands, being at that time opposite Woolton Hall Lodge and Park, which latter extended then to Allerton Road as stated elsewhere, and when put back to its present

position about 1840, the consequent extension to Church Road was called Hall Street which name is still to be seen by close examination of one of the houses.

Fourthly. The west end of the Village viz : Delf Lane (now Quarry Street) and its off-shoots, which practically comprised the Quarry, Mill and land workers, and later becoming the main centre for "Emigrants" from the Sister Isle, and the navvies that worked on the new Docks at Garston. And while speaking of Quarry Street, it may be of interest to many to state that it has a block of stone cottages (five) on the Quarry side, that may be considered *unique* and certainly uncommon, in as much as they *cross each other*, and the *first* door at the front is the *second* door at the back all along the row, with no apparent difference in the front aspect.

I have never been able to ascertain why they were built in that peculiar way, or what style of architecture it is supposed to be, but they are about a century old, and still in good condition.

And now to return to the *fifth* centre of the Village, of which there is the least now remaining, and that is (Folly Vale), now Vale Road.

This extremity had its own Public House (Folly Vale Tavern), and Blacksmith's shop, opposite Vinery House. and at times let its voice be heard in local affairs. In this item it may be stated that previous to the introduction of the Tap water system, a large proportion of the water, used in the Wash-houses and Laundries, used to be carted from "Folly Vale Pits," and "Spencers Pit" (close to, and still existing) while that required at the other end of the Village, excepting the Village Pump and Dobbs Pump, was brought from the large "Spring" Pit known as the "Bottoms" off Speke Road, and from which place also, the Woolton Hall people obtained their ice in the winter to store in the ice House in the "wood."

Now although apparently in groups, the Village folk of old Woolton, were to their credit be it said, not lacking in true Christian Charity, and never in times, or occasions of dire distress did one group or section fail to assist the other to the utmost of their power.

"What's *mine* is *yours*" was if need be *their* motto, (not "What's yours is Mine," as with many latter day so-called reformers) : and this regardless of creed or anything else. I could relate many instances of this grand old spirit, (handed down to me).

And all were familiar to an intense degree. I personally recollect a "pun" on three ancients :

There was owd Harry Shaw
And owd Dicky Baw (Ball) ;
But owd Joey Rigby
Cobbled um aw (all).

And before closing these remarks, I will briefly refer to two more well-known spots, which old Villagers may not like to see ignored or left out, viz : The Marl Pits, Quarry Street, and Dove Park, Woolton Hill Road.

The Marl Pits The Marl Pits on the south west side of Quarry Street, appear to have been a busy spot a century ago, though exactly where all the Marl excavated was sent, or whether for any specific purposes, other than ordinary land use, does not seem clear. In the 6c's and 70's the site was a vast sheet of water from ten feet to twenty in depth and was walled in. By years of tipping of gravel and rubbish it was gradually levelled, and the south end used as a Timber Yard, but that too has gone and the whole site is now used as a Children's Recreation Ground.

The strange feature about this piece of land is, that although the north-east side of Quarry Street is of solid red sandstone, the rock comes to an abrupt finish on the

Marl Pits side opposite, hence the great depth of the Marl Beds : and I have spoken to persons who declared that in the early days of the Quarries it was possible to crawl from one side to the other, under Quarry Street, along a primitive stone tunnel from thirty to forty feet below what is now the ground level.

Dove Park Of all the sequestered and delightful spots in and around Woolton, and there are many, Dove Park may, I think, be given the palm, though it is not what it was half a century ago.

The Dell Closed in by tall ancestral trees, its lovely Dell, 40 feet in depth, approached by a sloping rocky subterranean passage as well as a zig-zag path in the open and its picturesque summer house built into the rock on the east side, and also the Fountain in its centre, and ancient archway connecting it with an old Quarry lower down, all combine to make it an ideal spot to spend a quiet restful hour or two, " far from the madding crowd " and away from the noise and bustle of every-day life, (though comparatively few know of its existence) within 6 miles of the City's busy throng.

It is evidently of very ancient origin, as the height, and diameter of the trees conclusively prove.

Unique Building The old Hall or Mansion itself (now demolished) was another unique and rare specimen of architecture common to this neighbourhood, having several storeys below the ground level and only one above with a passage about 4 feet in width encircling the whole, in moat style.

Failing exact reliable information concerning its erection, it would appear to have been built on the summit of the Woolton Hill ridge, previous to any trees being planted, with the idea of protection from storms, and if so, would confirm the theory that is mentioned in our opening

chapters as to the nomenclature of the Woolton's viz :

Antiquity of the Dell That the entire ridge and slopes were once treeless, and formed a vast cattle and sheep grazing area. How long it is since the old Quarry (now the Dell) was worked, is of course a matter of conjecture, but judging by the trees that have grown since it was finished with as a Quarry, it must have been at least three centuries or more.

Joseph Stubbs Esq. The last occupant of the old Mansion was Joseph Stubbs, Esq., one of the old type, who like many of the well-to-do people of those days did not think it beneath him to be present at the annual " Club Dinner " of one of the Oddfellows Lodges of the locality, being brought from " Dove Park " by the Club Processionists in his old fashioned low carriage, to the Lodge Room for dinner etc. His well known figure was in strict unison with his ancient environment. In his later days, the early eighties, he threw the Dell and Park open to Sunday School Parties etc, from Liverpool for a nominal fee, but that did not last long, as the " youngsters " in the end proved too destructive, and as in many other instances, spoiled a good thing and the letting was discontinued.

The Scene in the Dell I have a distinct recollection of going past the Park in 1881 when one of the " parties," above referred to were romping in the Dell, and I along with several others, hearing the noise, climbed the six foot wall on the roadside to survey the " scene." The party were about to break up, and were just then giving three cheers for Mr. Stubbs who was in the midst of the crowd. Casting his eye up towards the wall where we were " perched " he, raised his White " Chimney Pot " Hat, and waving it frantically, roared out : " Three cheers for the scamps

on the wall! Who could say that Joseph Stubbs was out of place in his surroundings?

After his departure, in the eighties, the old building went to ruin, and was never again occupied, but Mr. Thorneley of Baycliffe adjoining, held the estate for several years, and it finally came into the hands of Sir James P. Reynolds, (himself an old Wooltonian), who added it to his own grounds on the Church Road or west side, and made many improvements including an open-air Swimming Bath, almost on the site of the Old House, besides modernizing the Dell in various ways.

Owing to a disastrous fire at his residence, Sir James left the neighbourhood seven or eight years ago, and since that time has allowed the use of the Park and Grounds to many local bodies.

Gift to Recently with customary generosity, Sir
Liverpool James has presented the whole demesne with its lovely surroundings to the Corporation of Liverpool, as a semi-private Park, and it is no stretch of the imagination to assert that though small in area, Liverpool has now, one of the prettiest and most romantic of the many splendid acquisitions and legacies, that have fallen to her in the shape of stately homes during the present century.

It will be of interest to recall, that it was the same generous Donor that restored the Old Village Cross (in Woolton Street near the Car Terminus) a few years ago.

He may truly be designated one of Woolton's Gentlemen,

Various Items.

Concerning Childwall Church The venerable old Edifice at Childwall and its surroundings, have always had a warm spot in the hearts of many of the old Wooltonians, a great number of whom have found their last resting place within its hallowed precincts, and in the early 70's it was no uncommon sight to see its plain black Hearse, irreverently dubbed "The Childwall Dog Kennel" by some, evidently on account of its extreme plainness, conveying the remains of our old forefathers to their "last home." It was "garaged" in the square erection on the north side of the Church.

And even up to 35 years ago, and as far back as 1886, when the Grand Old Man (W. E. Gladstone), made it a point of attending the Sunday afternoon Service there, while on occasional visits to his nephew at Court Hay, Broadgreen, (a mile distant) previous to his speaking the following week in Liverpool (at Hengler's Circus), the men and youths of Woolton were seen there in hundreds (I was one of them), as also on many other occasions of Weddings and Harvest Festivals etc. And, was not Lieut. Ashton the nephew of the Old Squire of Woolton Hall, (and who is said to have served under Nelson at the Battle of the Nile as a Midshipman), married with great eclat there in 1810.

So that the Wooltons' have had a long and intimate association with the ancient pile.



CHILDWALL HALL.

The following is the copy of an Epitaph on the south east side of the Churchyard, and said to be the grave of the Village Blacksmith, and it is remarkable how the printing has endured for over a century.

My Sledge and Hammer's both declined ;
My Bellows, they have lost their wind ;
My Fires are out, my Forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid :
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are driven, my race is run.

T. R. Oglesby A rather famous figure in the "eighties." though not a native was T. R. Oglesby, or "Clocky" as he was nicknamed, being a clock and watch repairer.

Coming into Woolton life with a rush as it were, it is correct to say, very few "outsiders" ever gained the notoriety that he did. Tall of stature, lithe and supple as a wrestler, he was a remarkable energetic character, and practically thrust himself into every movement, and even the Gentry round about, very many of them, came under his irresistible manner and influence.

He was one of the Pioneers of the Wednesday Half Holiday Movement, and the life and soul of many a gathering, and maintained his "fire and energy" almost to the last, and as to his own trade, few could beat him.

It is now some years since he passed away, and is interred at the eastern end of St. Peter's Church Cemetery, Church Road.

A similar Epitaph to that on the monument over "Barry Sullivan" in Glasnevin, would I think, have been appropriate in this case, viz :

"After Life's fitful fever, He sleeps well."

Buttermilk Billy Still another well-known, though totally different character from any previously mentioned in Woolton's story, in the 70's, was John Williams, better known by the sobriquet of "Buttermilk Billy," Farmer, Woolton Street.

Coming into the Village (presumably from Wales) as a young man (a Dataller or Daywageman as they were then styled) he married a quiet genteelish lady, apparently his superior in rank, but who appears to have made him very comfortable, and who, (if rumour was correct) provided the wherewithal for his advancement. Of her, his wife, little can be said, for she kept very much in the background; but Billy himself was a perfect terror to the boys and youths of the neighbourhood. Being the tenant of a large number of acres, mostly from the Marquis of Salisbury, in Church Road and Speke Road he was continually "hauling" boys and young men before the Magistrates, for alleged trespassing and theft of farm produce, although in a great many cases, it was really nothing more than the "delinquents" straying a yard or two from the footpath getting rabbit meat, or the still simpler offence of mounting the field walls. Even so, the stern old Justices of that day, often of a similar type as himself, Farmers, generally inflicted fines which, with costs, amounted to 10/- or 12/-, a large amount in those times, for a simple and in many instances, imaginary offence.

Of course, the Land Laws were then pretty severe, and "Buttermilk Billy" did not fail to take advantage of them.

It is questionable whether any single owner or occupier of farm lands in or around Woolton ever applied for, or obtained more convictions than this dreaded individual as far as the youths were concerned.

But like Woolton Green, and everything else he passed away in due time, certainly without much regret by the younger portion of the community.

Speaking of the Land Laws, referred to above, it was no uncommon thing, 60 years ago, to read notices in the fields and plantations thus : Beware : Steel Traps and Spring Guns are set on these grounds. The last I remember noticing was at Hunts Cross, at the corner of the field where the Hotel now stands.



The last Dying Speech and Confession of Thomas Case, who was executed
at Lancaster, on Saturday the 12th Sept 1795, for Colouring pieces of metal
to resemble the Silver Coin of this Kingdom

I James Case was born at W^hton, near Prescot, of very reputable Roman
Catholic parents: Served an Apprenticeship to a Currier and leather Cuter. After-
wards took up the trade of a Watch pleacer, married about 16 years Agoe my
present Wife, by whom I have five Children, and am now About 40 years of age,
so far for the Circumstances, w^{ch} it is very Imetarial for the World to know,
but w^{ch} it appears Customary for Persons in my unfortunate Situation to say.
What may be more to the Purpose for my Brethren in Faith to be informed of is,
that I was Brought up and practised the Religion of my fathers until the year
1778, When, on occasion of the Roman Catholic Oath which was proposed by
Government, I being what was then cald a Jacobine, found fault with our Bishops
and Clergy for approving of that Oath and on that account Neglected my religious
duties: since that time the love of gain Siezed entirely On my heart, and it was
my misfortune to enter on the unlawful practice Of Coining.

Before I had Silenced my conscience I endeavoured to delude it by thinking the
Injustice of the act but small, because the pieces which I made were only of
Inferior Silver and of Course would be current till they were worn out. For though I
was cast for washing, I declare that was not my general Practice, nor would the
Judges have found otherwise, by the bag of pieces Produced on my trial, if they
had ordred one of them to be Cut, but I Acknowledge the Justice of God in my
punishment, and submit to the judgment Of my Cuntrey, hoping that my death will
atone for my faults to her injured Laws and still more, that it will be accepted
by the Almighty God in Satisfaction For my multiplied offences, in union with the
merits of his son Jesus Christ, I ask Pardon of all the World for the Scandel I have
grieved to leave this World in this disgraceful manner, I Sincerely wish and pray
that my example may Prove of use to Others who may be engaged in Simelar
practice, and I die in the Steady profession of the Catholick faith and in Charity with
all mankind.

Thomas Case Lancaster Castle

Sept 12th 1795

Thomas Case Lancaster Castle
Sept 12th 1795

Miscellaneous Facts concerning Woolton in the Mid-Victorian era.

How the Village got its Coal.

In the 70's practically all the Coal that was used in Woolton came from the old Halsnead Collieries at Whiston some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, (now extinct), and the carting of which provided constant work for the team owners, as also did the Quarries.

And it may be interesting to compare the prices of Coal at that time, to those ruling at the present day.

Good House Coal was then retailed at 4d. per cwt., after being carted from Whiston, and some of the employees and masters delivered it to their workmen at the same figure—6/8 per ton, without charging for the conveyance. What a contrast !

And while mentioning Whiston, it may not be generally known, that it was in that locality near the Collieries, that one of the last men executed in England for the then capital offence of manufacturing counterfeit coin, resided, and before being hanged at Lancaster Gaol, in 1795, wrote a dramatic confession, which makes extremely interesting reading, as it graphically depicts the great harshness of the Laws of that epoch, and as to the writing itself, it would put many a modern schoolboy to shame.

The cottage in which he lived is still to be seen.

Approximate Wages ruling in 1875.

	Per Week.	Hours.
Quarrymen (graded)	20/- to 28/-	55 to 60
Stonemasons	30/- to 33/- ..	„
Bricklayers	30/- to 35/- ..	„
Plasterers	35/- to 40/- ..	„
Painters	30/- av. ..	„
Blacksmiths	26/- to 28/- ..	„
Teamsman	20/- to 30/- (1, 2 or 3 Horses.)	
Land Workers	15/- to 20/-	
Navvies	21/- av.	
Apprentices	3/- to 5/-	
Would-be Clerks (in Liverpool Offices)	£100 in 5 years (graded)	
Domestic Servants (Indoor)	£12 to £15 per year (and keep)	
Women Workers	1/6 per day.	

Current Prices of Household Goods.

1815	Sugar was 1 10 per lb. Lump Sugar 2/- per lb.
1878	— „ „ 1½d. „ „ „ 2½d. „
1825	Flour was 2 lbs for 1/-. In 1878 10 lbs. for 1/-.
1878	Butter was 10d. and 1/- per lb. Cheese 4d. to 6d.
„	Bacon (American) 4d. to 6d. Home-Cured 7d. & 8d.
„	2 lb. Loaf 2½d. Tea 1/4 to 2/- per lb.
„	Tinned Fruits and Salmon—averaged 6d. per tin.

Busses Communication with Woolton was in the 70's, carried on practically all by Bus, no Railway being nearer than Allerton and later by Hunts Cross.

The Busses ran from the Elephant Hotel and Coffee

House, direct to Castle Street and Exchange, the charge being, 8d. in and 6d. out, and when the roads were snowy, as they often were, times of arrivals were very uncertain as, of course, the horses had to be shod specially.

Later, when the Trams came to Wavertree, the Woolton conveyances met them, and did not go any further, except that at times when rival companies were endeavouring to get a footing. Waggonettes would take a through route along Vale Road and into town, via Brook House and Smithdown Road.

Gateacre Trains The extension of the Cheshire Line^s Railway to Southport, via Gateacre, in the late 70's, altered the whole methods of getting to Liverpool.

“Funeral Roads” etc.

It was always a great topic for argument with the old Woolton worthies, as to which roads or lanes, were recognised as proper funeral roads, and I have heard many a hard discussion on the matter.

As far as I can recollect, the following roads were supposed to be banned (excepting of course people who actually lived along them)—Vale Road, Hillfoot Road, School Lane, Back Street, Out Lane, and Woolton Hill Road.

Ganny Kay's Funeral in the 70's Speaking of funerals, the largest citizen funeral ever seen in the Village was that of Gannie Kay, aged 98, who resided alongside the Grapes public house, Allerton Road, and who was known by all as the public “Mangler,” those that could not afford to have a Mangle of their own, utilizing Mrs. Kays for smoothing out their newly-washed articles of clothing and bedding.

The vast concourse reached from Quarry Street to Church Road, and was a sight never to be forgotten.

Funeral of Sir Hardman Earle The greatest other funeral was I think that of Sir Hardman Earle, Bart., of Allerton Towers also in the 70's, there being at least 50 carriages, reaching practically from Cam Street to the Parish Church, and everything on a magnificent scale.



The Ballad of Woolton Green.

Come all ye old Wooltonians,
And listen to these lays,
And you shall hear how things were done
In the old Victorian days.

When Woolton was a merry place ;
Her people blithe and free ;
And now and then, between their work,
Found time for jollity.

'Tis all about the History
Of good old " Woolton Green,"
Which, in the eighteen sixties,
Was a rare and splendid scene.

'Twas on St. John the Baptist's day,
That's June the twenty fourth,
That Woolton stirred itself each year,
And warmed up to the sport.

The Lord Mayor was elected
On the Saturday night before,
On the old stone steps of the Village Cross,
As was done in days of yore.

And, as the ringing cheers went round,
A stirring speech was made,
In which was promised, all good things
For the help of local trade.

Now the young men of that epoch
Had a splendid time that night ;
The Beer they ' pinched ' and hid in the Well,
Till the crowd got out of sight.

Ah ! then 'twas all confusion
When the jokers were found out.
The youngsters made for Woolton wood,
To 'scape the coming rout.

And then, on June the twenty-fourth,
The good old Fete began,
Which will live long in the memory
Of every Woolton man.

And such a scene in Woolton Street,
Was only seen each year,
The sight I'll try and just describe
For all, both far and near.

From Neddy Foulke's to Nanny Hall's,
Double rows of " Stands " were seen,
And " Lucky Peter's " cart just stood
At the entrance to the Green.

There were Conjurors and Mountebanks,
And Lotteries by the score,
And " Donkey Rides " to Chapel Lane ;
Each year brought more and more.

The " Garland Carriers " went their round
At one o'clock each day,
With lads and lassies prancing ;
Ah ! the scene was bright and gay.

They called at all the Mansions ;
'Twas the custom every year,
But at " Woolton Wood " they took the " cake "
For right good hearty cheer.

And returning at four o'clock,
The rest of the day was spent
In the " Coffee House," and on the Green,
Both for the occasion lent.

The *Maypole* was twined round and round,
The *Greasy Pole* was climbed,
And “*Porkers*” darted in and out
With bells stuck on behind.

And *Dancing* on the grassy sward
Was kept up until late,
The eating of the *Treacle Buns*
Being a main item in the Fete.

And, thus the hours went swiftly by ;
Too swift for young and old ;
Reluctantly they gave it up
When eleven o'clock was tolled.

E'en then, the fun was not all o'er,
For, outside in the Street,
The lads and lassies gambolled ;
Such sport, to them, was sweet.

They played and danced and capered,
All in their Sunday Clothes ;
They loitered by the Standing,
And in between the Rows

The Lotteries were kept whirling round ;
The “*Gingerbreads*” were won,
While Conjurors and Mountebanks,
Provided lots of fun.

The Fete went on for full three days,
From noon till dewy eve,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Were sorry it to leave.

But, as alas, with all good things,
The end came on—full soon
'Twas when Dan Lowry took it o'er,
The Village Fete was doomed.

A few short years, and it had fell
A victim to his greed ;
His sordid methods were as such,
That, he who runs may read.

No trace there now, of Stands or Green,
All, all have disappeared ;
The change has not improved the place,
'Tis greatly to be feared.

Then, sing " Hurrah " for the good old times
As ever yet were seen,
And may we never see worse days,
Than those of Woolton Green.

And happy, both for rich and poor
Shall be the moment, when
We see, in this, our native place,
Those bright days once again.

And, if we only play the game
Our fathers played of yore,
Then, Woolton once again may be,
What Woolton was before.

But Oh ! It was a happy time,
As all Wooltonians know ;
When our old fathers " ruled the roost,"
A long time ago.
When our old fathers, lived round here,
A long time ago.





THE STORY OF WOOLTON

(Part II.)

BY J. F. MARSH

HOW THE VILLAGE WAS TRANSFORMED

"Let us Praise our Fathers in their Generation"

*I remember, I remember,
The Village on the hill;
Where betwixt the wooded landscape
Stood the Parish Church and Mill.*

1931

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TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES ROSE

the Principal Pioneer of Woolton in the early 19th Century, who, by his marvellous energy, skill and perseverance, coupled with extreme kindliness and generosity to those around him secured for the Village an unbroken period of prosperity lasting over 90 years, this work is respectfully dedicated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the various old inhabitants and friends for the Loan of Photos, Documents, etc., and for generous assistance given in the matter of information.

Preface.

OWING to the satisfactory and I may say enthusiastic reception of my recent publication "THE STORY OF WOOLTON" and "REMINISCENCES" I have been encouraged to again put my pen to paper—and my memory to the test—and endeavour to supplement the previous recollections and various facts of Woolton life by a further and more detailed account of the splendid work of the old generation of Villagers and to show and prove to the youth of to-day that only by perseverance and local patriotism can they reach the top rung of the ladder of Fame and eventually make their mark in the general history of the nation. And the grand spirit of unity which permeated the minds and actions of their Village forefathers—irrespective of sect or class, will, I think, be an incentive to adopt and permanently assimilate a similar sound, though perhaps new-fashioned methods, but all tending to the well-being of themselves and the community at large, and, as a natural consequence, to the glory of their dear old country.

And in giving the various details I must respectfully solicit the indulgence of those whose relatives may be mentioned and to assure them that whatever is recorded is done with the best intention, and also to promise them that the least will be said of any well-known defect of particular persons referred to and almost will be made of their good points; the entire object being to hold up and preserve the undying reputation of dear old Woolton and its splendid examples and records of the past.

I also tender my sincere thanks to those old Wooltonians who have sent letters of appreciation and thanks for the "STORY OF WOOLTON," and who, though now residing far from their native spot, have proved that they still possess the "gradely" old spirit that their ancestors exhibited in no small degree in the last century, and I am deeply grateful to those old Villagers who have from time to time recalled to my memory many interesting little "tit-bits" of past days and have supplied the various views and photos, and, while not asserting for a moment that even this second edition—or supplement—is by any means a complete record of "Life" in and before the Victorian era, I feel that many of the descendants of the former inhabitants will find the perusal of its contents extremely interesting and will overlook and excuse any defect or omission.

Whilst adhering to the list of the principal "Makers of Old Woolton" in Biographical Order as far as possible there are several names and "figures" who stand out in greater prominence than the rest by reason of their exceptional ability and grit, and to these will be accorded the premier place and mention in Woolton's "Roll of Honour"—not with any biased intention or personal favour, but, wholly and solely, on account of their great work and long-continued efforts towards the cause of Woolton's well-being, particularly in the first half of the nineteenth century, and while many of the later "figures" may claim to have "played their part" nobly and well, it must in common fairness be admitted that the success of *their* efforts was largely owing to the grand ideals and laborious and painstaking work of their predecessors.

And in estimating the qualities that distinguished the old "makers" (not necessarily natives) we shall place them in certain defined categories, viz: those that actually worked with both brains and hands for the benefit of the Village; secondly, those that, through the fortunate possession of wealth, were able and willing to further every idea and effort of the first-mentioned "pioneers" in the way of improvements—general education and uplifting of the inhabitants generally, and thirdly, that numerous body of honest God-fearing middle class tradesmen and workers of every sect—jannock to the backbone—whose quiet,

eady exemplary lives shone, as it were, like a beacon star to those fellow-villagers who were unfortunately not very far removed from the border-line of poverty, and lastly, that gallant band of Religious and Medical Workers of every type who, for a century or more, figured in every good work, and who, if I may term it, constituted a valiant rearguard to the "Volunteers" of Old Woolton.

Truly these are the "Fathers of our Generation," to whom, we, who being "born in due time" can give unstinting praise to the "gradely" men without which no community can hope to flourish for any length of time and of whom it could be truly said that all were greater than the great "each better than the best."

In conclusion I may add that as stated in the previous Edition the descendants of old Woolton folk had penetrated to every known quarter of the Globe, so also has the "STORY OF WOOLTON" been sent to them in their far-off Settlements over the seas by their various friends and relatives, and thus, the name and fame of the dear old spot has been perpetuated (in many instances by their calling their new homes after it) and will, we trust, shine as a ray of hope to future generations and which of us—in the light of present-day changes and upheavals—can truthfully say that the "tonic" is not required.

J. F. MARSH.

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THE ROSE PRESENTATION CUP

1827

Woolton in Past Ages.

Druids and Sun Worshippers.

Although little or no historical mention is made of Woolton prior to the 11th and 12th Centuries, it would appear that in Druidical times and in the days of the Sun-Worshippers was made much use of, presumably owing to its elevated position, as from reliable tradition both of the Sects referred to probably made use of high eminences and hills on which to perform their ancient rites and that this was the case on the hills of Wolvetun Magna (to give it its ancient name) is fairly established by the discovery from time to time of many Druidical relics in and around the locality and from which several named spots have even to the present day retained their nomenclature, such as Druids Cross Road, Calder Stones, Verdala Towers, etc.

As to the Sun Worshippers, who probably were the same Sect as another division, the principal foundation for *their* settlement is the Festival of "Woolton Green," which, always occurring at the Summer Solstice when the Sun reaches its greatest height in power, coincides with very many ancient historical records of the Sect as far as they could be traced by the Ancients. Of course nothing definite could possibly be stated in this respect, but the Relics and coincidences exist all the same.

Danes.

The Danes, we are told, *did certainly* make an appearance in the locality about the eighth Century, as proved by the many historical names of centres close to, such as Thingwall, Childwall,

The Romans and Saxons.

The Romans apparently kept well to the east—on the Cheshire side—but the Saxons, although occasionally mentioned as being in the outlying districts, do not appear to have left much of a trace behind them except in the ending of the names, such as "ton," which usually signified a cluster of homes (or small town) round the Manor House.

The Normans.

When, however, we come to the Normans—after the Conquest—there is undeniable proof of *their* energy and activity for in the "parcelling" out of the lands by the Conqueror there is a mention of Garston given to Adam de Gersten, Childwall to Cildwelle, Spek (or Speke) to De Hutte, Allerton to De Alretune, and so on.

As to Woolton itself (Wolvetun Magna) it must be remembered that it was mostly a vast forest—with here and there a cleared space—and very sparsely inhabited, and it was not until the passing of the Forest Charter (which many historians reckon almost as important as the Great Magna Charta) that Woolton really shook the primeval dust off her feet and began her march to Civilization. But more about that in subsequent pages.

The Great Families.

As stated in the foregoing Chapter, the Conqueror did not fail to reward those of his Knights and followers that were faithful to his cause and thus we find that vast portions and tracts of land were taken possession of by ~~certain~~ Families who seem to have wielded enormous influence, and who, in fact were the virtual rulers of many of the portions or "hundreds" into which the country was at that time divided and notably in South West Lancashire.

De Veres and De Lacys.

Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and later the De Veres and De Lacys, practically owned all the lands from the Ribble to the Mersey and Dee, and, as most of it consisted of extensive Forest where the Wolves and Wild Boars were plentiful, also Beavers.

ing the streams, it followed as a natural course that these powerful magnates, according to the customs of that period, reserved and protected these Forests for their own personal pleasures and pursuits of Hunting and the Chase, and in consequence, the Laws relating thereto were for the most part harsh and cruel, and up to the end of the 12th Century formed an insurmountable obstacle to Farming or Tilling on any extensive scale, and it is recorded that when the Knights Hospitallers of St. John came to the Old Hall at Woolton they held their lands (about 5,000 acres) in and around the neighbourhood of Great and Lesser Woolton and Childwall from the said De Lacy Family for the sum of £2/10/0, an amount equivalent to about £37 in present-day money, while a certain Henry de Waleton is said to have held something like 2,000 acres in North Woolton, Wartree (Avertree) and Newsham, so it seems fairly evident that in these days Woolton and the immediate locality was very sparsely populated owing to its wooded nature.

St. John's Knights of St. John.

Referring to the Knights of St. John above mentioned, they appear in reality to have been the first "Pioneers" of Ancient Woolton and the effect of their labours was never totally effaced. It is said that they were an "offshoot" of the Birkenhead Priory monks, who worked the old Ferry for many years, and they certainly were connected with the ancient Abbey and Hall at Childwall, and it is a well-known tradition that the almost straight track from Woolton Hall to Childwall Church and Abbey, over the old "Cobble" path—now Acrefield Road and Cuckoo Lane—along the "fringes" of Woolton and "Childer" Heaths was frequently used by them in their many sojourns to and from the ancient Chantry. And it may be in the recollection of several of our natives that the main Woolton street, formerly designated "Front Street" used to run directly past the front of the Old Hall along "The Fabric" (as it was then called) through Budding Bag Square to School Lane, the traces of the former way in the wall at the extremity of the Front Street were at one time plainly visible.

The Middle Ages.

The Clearing of the Forests.

And now we come to the Clearing of the Great Forests, rendered possible by the Forest Charter, which Act was practically forced from the King (John) by the almost universal demand of the people, and from thence forward the Old Village seems to have awakened from its "lethargic repose" of ages.

But before proceeding with the details of Woolton's progress it is interesting to note the whole aspect of the surrounding neighbourhood.

According to the old Chroniclers and Historians, the lands of South West Lancashire were mainly one long stretch of Forest and thick undergrowth, from Toxteth and Smethdune on the Liverpool side to Simonswood, Kirkby, Croxteth and Knowsley on the other, while along the River Mersey where Aigburth, Garston, Speke, Hutte and Hale now stand, and up to Widnes (or "Wood End" as it was commonly called even up to fifty years ago) was one vast thicket, inhabited by wild animals, and including, of course, the Hills and Slopes of Wolvetun Magna and the Vales of Alretun (Allerton); and as before briefly mentioned, the then holders of those lands with the hunting instinct of Nimrod in their Norman blood, were not inclined to make any change, and severe harsh Forest Laws were the order of the day in spite of the Great Charter, and we have it recorded in the "Old Chronicles" that many well-known "personages" in and around Woolton that now is were punished severely for daring to infringe the said local Laws; for instance: Stephen, Parson of Walton; Robert, Priest of Childwall; Ranulf de Dacre, Priest of Priestcote (Prescot); John of Spellowe and many others were mulcted in heavy "Fines" for "trapping" and "capturing" Deer and Wild Animals on these Domains.

But at the advent of the 14th Century (and earlier in the Southern Counties) the Regent of the Kingdom, under the Great Forest Charter, previously referred to, decided to prohibit the forming of New Forests and to gradually extinguish many of the existing ones, and thus it came to pass that the Slopes and Woods of Old Woolton were shorn of a great proportion of the

mighty Trees. This de-Foresting went on more or less up to the close of the 18th Century, and it is a fact that one of the great "Pioneers" of the Village—John Rushton (mentioned elsewhere)—had actually in hand the last great "clearing" of one of the local forests in the neighbourhood of Allerton and Speke in the early years of the last Century. A close survey of the environs of the Wooltons would reveal yet a fairly good number of huge Trunks which have certainly not attained their present proportions in the 600 years.

With the disappearance of these mighty "relics" of the past a new and totally different era opened for Woolton, though unfortunately frustrated and retarded from time to time by the various political "upheavals" and Civil Wars that afflicted the Country generally.

Woolton in the 18th Century.

There seems to have been a fair amount of comfort and prosperity in and around Woolton from 1700 to 1800, according to personal recollections of the inhabitants of that time, and though the Village still wore much of its ancient aspect, it was apparent that mighty changes were looming in the near future and could not long be delayed. But before leaving the old days let us in imagination carry our memories back to review the methods by which life was made tolerable and even enjoyable by our rustic Ancestors, and in so doing it must be borne in mind that in Woolton as in many other "rural spots" in England the "hub" and centre of all life and action lay in the vicinity of the Old "Hall" or Manor House, for we are told that all places ending in "ton" invariably signified "a cluster of dwellings or homesteads" close to the Squire's Hall or Manor. That being so let us digress for a moment and see how the "Squire of Woolton," resident at the Old Hall, played *his* part in the life of the Village.

Woolton Hall.

It was a glorious June morning, one of the many that according to old "records," favoured the Summer Seasons in the last decade of the 18th Century, when the Squire of Woolton—Nicholas

Ashton—strolled leisurely round the sylvan wooded paths and glades that surrounded his ancient residence, the Old Hall. And as he comes to the limit of his domain on the North side, which, at that time came to the foot of the rocky slopes of Woolton Hill (or Heath) covered mainly with gauze and brushwood and extended westerly to what is now Hillfoot Road, the boundary of Alretun) and then retraced his steps back across Dobb's Meadow and to the front of the Hall; he halted beneath the cool shades of the gigantic beeches (which have only recently been demolished) and drank to the full the exquisite panorama that lay before his gaze. Let us describe it, for there are not many such "scenes" even in this picturesque old England of ours.

From the vantage point on the raised lawn in front of the Mansion the views were thus:

In the immediate vicinity (looking east) lay a large expanse of rich pasture lands with several "coppices" and "woods" showing here and there, and further on in the same direction could be discerned the flat marshy lands of Ditton in the midst of which the Ancient Windmill worked merrily round (in close proximity to the Old "Hall," then still further behind was seen the muddy waters of the Mersey as it lapped round the Widness (or Wood End) shores across from which lay the sandstone slopes of Runcorn Gap and Weston Point, cut into a few years before to construct the Duke of Bridgewater's great Canal, and all dominated by the imposing ruins of the ancient Castle of Halton—formerly the home of the De Lacy Family—while on a clear day the distant hills of the Yorkshire group could be traced. No Railway or "Transporter" Bridge had been ~~dreamt~~ of at that time, the old Boat Ferry from Snig Lane, Wood End being the only method of crossing to Runcorn.

Away to the North-East lay the wooded ridges of Bold, Rainhill and Prescot, and along the line the Windmills of Bold and Prescot, alongside the spire of the ancient Church could be clearly discerned, while still further North on the sky-line Billinge Beacon and the old "Pike" at Rivington were plainly outlined. Turning round to the South the "view" comprehended the great bend in the Mersey at Hale Point and the flat marshes on the Frodsham shore backed by the solid red sandstone hills of Overton and

elsby, forming, as it were, a perfect "finish" to the glorious prospect as viewed by the Squire.

Surely the well-known qualities and keen foresight of his illustrious sire—John Ashton—had been exercised to the utmost advantage, when, a few years before, he had acquired (from the Wyneux Family) this magnificent domain which then reached to the confines of Allerton and Speke, Hutte, Halewood and Little Woolton. And in spite of the deep satisfaction that the knowledge of his gradual elevation to the various important posts and positions which he then held in the neighbouring and growing town of Liverpool gave him, none, I venture to think, was more dear to him than to be looked upon and deeply and sincerely respected by the plain, decent village folk as their old Squire and truest friend.

And as he soliloquised under his beloved Beeches on this glorious summer day he was suddenly startled by the sound of singing and merry-making and the lively airs of old time music, fiddles and banjos and a gaily attired group of youths and maidens appearing in his grounds from the direction of the Village.

For it was, be it known, the great Annual Festival of "Woolton Green," which, as previously mentioned, is said to have originated from the old Sun worshippers, and later renewed—though in different fashion—the Religious Guilds of the Middle Ages, the old date, the summer Solstice, being strictly adhered to, for, as we have seen, Woolton was no modern hamlet.

But to return to the Squire. As the score or so of Merry-makers' (all in picturesque costumes) consisting of the newly elected Lord Mayor (see "Ballad of Woolton Green," Part I) and his mistress of Woolton and their "retinues" of attendants and "Earland Carriers" proceeded in Couples along the Drives the "August Owner" advanced across the Lawn to meet them and greeted them in homely fashion, after which, they, the "Visitors," as was the custom, an entrancing "exhibition" of old-time Country Dancing on the velvety lawn in front of the principal entrance of the Hall. They were then admitted to the "preludes" of the Mansion itself and "regaled" in right royal fashion. Only a generous Country Squire knows how, after which the "revellers" proceeded on their "rounds" to the several other

"Big Houses" in the vicinity, as was usually done on the first two days of the Festival. Who shall say that the old people in those far-off days did not enjoy themselves.

Yet another "scene" or "scenes" and we definitely part with "Ancient" Woolton.

The Perfect Sundays of the Past.

If anything else were needed to depict the rural felicity of the people generally in the last decade of the 18th and the first few years of the 19th Centuries, let me describe the old time Sundays—"The Day of Rest"—as it has been handed down to me by several that actually remembered it. As stated in Part I the main section of the Villagers were intensely religious in the old days, and one can easily be carried back in imagination to the actual scenes:—

First.—In and around the Old Priory Chapel, close to the ancient Hall, from the generosity of whose occupant (Lady Molyneux) it had in the first place been erected, where in the glorious Summer afternoons on each Sunday (no Evening Service in those days) a goodly crowd of honest, fervent folk wended their way for their souls' good. And highly did they value and conscientiously carry out, the tenets of the ancient Religion, those staunch adherents of the Faith of Augustine, Columba, Aidan and Bede (and later personified by the Smith, Hampson, Latham, Lynch, Reynolds and Jump Families) and the passer-by who might perchance have lingered in his country stroll by the entrance to the sacred "Fane," what must have been his impression, when, first, the Chanting of the old time Vespers and the seasonable Anthems, as rendered by that grand old Village Choir, and when, later, the sweet strains of the "Tantum Ergo" and "Laudate" reached his ears amid serried clouds of fragrant incense wafted to the clear summer air outside and gradually dispelled by the gentle breezes that came across "Bettys Meadow," finally disappearing in the warm rays of the sinking Western sun. What, I ask, must have been the impression made on the mind of the passer-by, and secondly, when we picture the "scenes" at the other extremity of the Village, the steady lines of worshippers wending their way at the same time on the same day along the rugged pathway (now Acrefield Road) that was for so many

ers traversed by the Old Knights of St. John to the same
ective, the venerable Edifice of Childwall, for the present
rch of St. Peter or even its immediate predecessor, had not
n been erected, and Childwall was at that period the "Mother
rch" of both Wooltons and its jurisdiction extended from
ngwall to Hale) and it meant a little sacrifice at times to
and regularly. But follow those groups of religious folk
g the lovely narrow lanes to their beloved high backed pews
he ancient Fane and picture the scene during the Recital and
g of the Psalms, so well-known to all of them, and then
e the glorious effect of the afternoon sun as it persistently
ust its rays through the matchless old stained glass windows,
on emerging drink in the calm still beauty of the old Abbey
surroundings of the great Hall nearby and come not away
hout giving a reverent thought to the many dear old souls
t are sleeping their last sleep in the ancient burial-ground
joining the Church, for great numbers of old Wooltonians
herein.

and when we include in the above the small but zealous band
Nonconformists that were then beginning to establish the
lern place of worship at the foot of Gateacre Field, later pas-
ed by such grand old characters as Dr. Shepherd, Rev. Noah
es and Rev. George Beaumont, we must marvel to contemplate
t those men of old were made of.

irely Longfellow in his immortal "Evangeline," when he
rs to "the Homes of Peace and Contentment" in his beloved
ndia had in his great mind scenes such as I have endeavoured
ugh in a puny fashion to describe.

nd to the everlasting credit of the inhabitants of this grand
corner of Lancashire, Religious Peace and Freedom has in the
m been gloriously preserved.

ut those precious dear old days could not continue indefinitely,
as we are warned, "We have not here a lasting City," and
a the opening of the 19th Century the "old order of things"
an to show signs of passing away, and to meet the irresistible
ch of time and modern ideas Woolton had got to be re-made.

Whether in the making and by the changes of the last Century
place has truly benefited in the things that matter, as compared
its glorious past, unbiassed posterity must be left to judge,

Part II.

The Transition.

We now come to the "making" of "modern" Woolton—the Woolton of the 19th Century, and before entering into the various details of the work of the great "Pioneers" it will be as well perhaps to glance over and consider what the locality was like at the end of the 18th Century, and we will be able to form an idea of the stupendous task that lay before our worthy ancestors and also to realize that to transform a typically "rural" hamlet into a thriving "Urban District" was no mere child's play.

As stated in the earlier pages the rocky heath and slopes of Woolton Hill extended from Childer (or Childwall) Heath on the North-East to the boundary of Allerton (Vale Road) on the South-West, with only a rough cobble path crossing at various angles but no set roads and that practically the main portion of the then inhabitants, about 300, were concentrated about the "Cross" and in close proximity to the "Hall." No Allerton Road except a stony path that skirted the small brook that caught the water from the high ground (where later stood the Mill and Churches) and deposited it into the "Lodes Pit." Nor had Quarry Street (as such), St. Mary's Street, Rushton Place, Church Road, Woolton Hill Road, Rose Brow and Woolton Park any existence, and it is plainly evident that in order to make the best of that barren rocky area (used after the clearing of the Forests for sheep rearing) a "master mind" and brains of exceptional foresight, coupled with great skill, was required to conceive and carry out the great task.

The Coming of James Rose.

Fortunately for Woolton the "MAN" was at hand in the person of James Rose, a youth of stupendous courage, ability and keen foresight, and to this "Cecil Rhodes" of that period Woolton undoubtedly owes its 90 years or more of unbroken prosperity, and a few details of his early energetic career are well worth recording.

born in or near Woolton in 1783, evidently without any great knowledge of trumpets, he married in 1806 an accomplished lady, who, as is said, was an "Heiress" in her own right and reputed to own more than seven windmills, and he appears to have only been in his "twenties" when called upon to undertake his great work of transforming the barren slopes of Woolton Heath into a perfect Eden of cultivation and to plan and construct new roads from one extremity to the other, in fact, to change a wilderness into a Paradise; no small job, particularly in those unsettled times before steam and mechanical devices had come to light. How well he succeeded, we, of a later generation can bear undoubted testimony.

Indomitable energy and skill.

The records of his accomplishments are simply marvellous, and whilst his mighty talents and energy were, so to speak, concentrated on the "reclaiming of the Heath" he was at the same time pushing forward in many other directions, all tending to uplift and raise the status of the Woolton people by providing employment in every possible way. Thus the building of the Elm Mill (by him) in 1810; the opening of the Quarries, the laying out of new streets and consequent erection of numerous stone cottages for his workpeople, the introduction of the first Flour Mill and Pumping Engine at the top of the Quarries (as yet the uses of steam were in their early infancy) all furnish proof of his irresistible energy and great ability, to say nothing of his work in and around the neighbouring districts of Liverpool and Garston, a portion of which latter place was at that time in his holding.

Let us now take a glimpse of his plans and labours on the Heath and we shall find that in an incredibly short space of time the whole aspect of Woolton Hill was altered, for now a wide road defined the Childwall Boundary and was called "Rosemont" after its projector. Woolton Hill Road and Acrefield Road had been cut through, also what is now Church Road and Woolton Park (Dennison Road) had been "laid out" as it is called, and, as if to complete the great work, the matchless beauties of "Beechwood," "Rosemont" and the "Mill House" were added to the long list of his accomplishments in the building

line. The first "Beechwood" he erected for his own residence and lived there many years (often using the small "studded" door in the wall at the Acrefield extremity which is still in good condition); the second "Rosemont," for his parents and the "Mill House" for his eldest daughter and son-in-law, James Longton, and in all these undertakings he was his own Architect, and if the sceptical reader of these lines is inclined to doubt the veracity of these statements of the sterling qualities and merits of James Rose, let him in his stroll round the Village at the present time (more than a century later) cast a glance at the above-mentioned Mansions (all close to each other) and the permanent character of the work and flawless condition of the stone and woodwork of Woolton's greatest Pioneer, will force itself upon him. I have it first-hand from my own revered parent who worked for him and his successors for nearly half-a-century, that he was truly a remarkable man, a "super man" if such ever existed.

But how did the villagers as a whole regard this "Cecil Rhodes" of their day, who, it is safe to assert, had he been thrown in higher circles might very conceivably have been an "Empire Builder," for it is of such stuff that our Pioneers of Empire were formed. Oh, for a James Rose of to-day!

I have often wondered how it was that no local Monument or structure was ever erected to this great local genius and benefactor, but perhaps the old folk of those days were content to let his great works speak for themselves, and if questioned would doubtless have replied to the inquirer as in the case of Sir Christopher Wren and his ideals of St. Paul's Cathedral: "If thou wouldst seek his monument look around." Truly a sincere form of appreciation. And there is also the outstanding fact that many places in the neighbourhood were designated after him, thus proving his connections with them, such as Rose Brow, Rosehill, Rosemont, Rose Street, Rose Lane, Roseleigh and others.

We have, however, an inkling of their true appreciation of his merits by the Presentation to him by his many friends and admirers) of a Solid Silver Cup, Doubled-Handled and Gold Lined and weighing two pounds in the year 1827 when it would appear the greater part of his work had been completed. This Cup is still in the possession of the Family and I have been for-

enough to obtain a photo (kindly lent by his relatives) as seen at the opening page. It was inscribed as follows: Presented to Mr. James Rose by his Friends as a mark of their esteem and admiration for his agricultural skill and spirit in turning some of the most barren parts of Woolton Hill into a state of cultivation. 1827."

It is a not less valuable attribute in the character of Mr. Rose that his kindly feelings and boundless generosity to various poor men and others less fortunate than himself, to many of whom he proved a veritable "good Samaritan" on many occasions, make this respect the Inscription on another Cup presented to him will be of interest. It reads as follows: "Presented to Mr. James Rose by a Friend to acknowledge with gratitude and respect his generous conduct and kindness shown by Mr. Rose through some circumstance connected with his Friend's acquaintance, &c." He is also said to have contributed liberally towards the erection of St. Peter's Church in 1825-6.

Thus we see that in James Rose, Woolton possessed not only a rich man but a gentleman of the highest merit, and it is little wonder that his successor, James Longton (son-in-law) and many more of his contemporaries became as it were impregnated and imbued with his energy and public spirit, the practising of which lifted Woolton to the pinnacle of prosperity. So true are the words of the great Poet, that—

Lives of great men all remind us
That we can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.
Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, will take heart again.

It is certainly a fact that very many of the workers and citizens of Woolton in the 19th Century were emulators of this grand old man, but before passing on to the others, a list of the dates and well-known "landmarks" in and around the Mill as well as some transactions may prove interesting.

Windmill, erected by James Rose, 1810-11.

Steam Mill erected by James Rose, 1835-36.

Smithy Chimney built by James Rose, 1823.

Bought Mill at St. Helens, 1824.

Bought over (and commenced more) Quarries, 1817.

Acquired six Houses in Delf Lane, 1827.

Erected Pumping Engine (on summit of Quarry), 1840,
also Mill Dam (or Reservoir) still existing, 1840.

Said to have had an interest in Garston, Wavertree and
Prescot Mills.

The King of Woolton.

At his death (about 1860) the Church Bells were tolled for three days continuously, and he was looked upon as "King of Woolton." And well and truly did he merit that title, if only for the one single act of planning out and erecting his "masterpiece" (in the way of Building)—Rosemont—to present to his parents, as which, after more than a century's wear and tear, looks no more than twelve months' old, and many a modern architect or builder might do worse than copy its model. And the Wreaths of Laurel Leaves cut into the stones at each corner (as also on "Beecroft Wood") would seem symbolical of his great victory over every difficulty, for no greater rewards were coveted in the palmy days of Greece, Athens, Corinth and Rome by their youthful athletes or Gladiators in the Collisæum than to have such wreaths placed upon their heads. And it is singular that exactly at the same period that the great Napoleon was using *his* mighty genius for the dire destruction of human life and the break-up of States, so was this (in a way) greater "genius," using his master mind and talents in the cause of true Liberty and the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men. How true it is that "Peace has its Victories, no less renowned than War."

The Advent of the Gentry, 1820.

As mentioned in Part I, the advent of the Gentry, mostly Liverpool merchants, was an important "factor" in the building up of Woolton and the environs, but it will be recognised that their stately mansions had to be erected and the grounds laid out, etc., and it was at this juncture that the "super men" of the Village proved that the example of James Rose had not been in vain.

The "Super Men" of the early 19th century and their work.

will, of course, be understood that even the unparalleled energy and indomitable spirit and grit of the greatest Pioneer, James Rose, could not put his great ideals into practical effect unaided and it was also fortunate for the Village that there were at that time several other "master minds" anxious and willing to take part in the great "transformation," though extremely doubtful as to whether they, if they had been left to their own resources could possibly have attained the success which crowned their efforts when in conjunction with the great organizing "head" who on many occasions assisted them in their duties in various ways, and in the spirit of the old Roman of the 20th Legion in Rome's Imperial Day who declared in a moment of extreme difficulty: "I'll find a way or *make it*" did the supermen of Old Woolton overcome every obstacle. There were several other great Pioneers referred to as assisting James Rose: James Gore, John Rushton, and later, James Longton, James Rose's successor at the Mill.

James Gore.

The former was in the Quarrying and Building line for 50 years or more and played no small part in the work of the Village, as we have narrated, James Rose was supreme in energy and action, so James Gore was not far behind in his masterly handling of the Quarries and Building Business for which at that time there was great scope owing to the advent of the Gentry, many a stately mansion in and around the neighbourhood of El, by its solid and substantial condition to-day testify to the great care and thorough knowledge of these past masters of the old days. He, James Gore, must have been of immense assistance to Mr. Rose in the carrying out of his plans. I can just reflect his last connection with the Quarries at the end adjoining Mary's Church wall. He was, I am told, the builder of the Woolton Observatory.

John Rushton.

The second great "superman"—John Rushton—was also a remarkably fine personality, and his name was for many years a

household word in every cottage in the Village. Cool, of quiet unassuming character, but nevertheless of keen intellect and great energy, he was, from what I have heard, almost on a par with his great contemporary, Mr. Rose, in the estimation of the people and to whom he appears to have been an invaluable asset.

He is said to have earned by his sterling methods and straightforward dealings the priceless sobriquet of Honest John, and his son, whom I remember personally, was a true specimen of his sire he certainly merited the title, and who, in these latter days can measure the appreciation of a body of people of a century ago who, as a rule, were not given to false adulation but called "spade a spade" and honestly believed in their fellow-citizen as one to be admired and imitated and whose name in consequence will always be held in a kind of veneration. As to his actual work in the Timber Trade—he was responsible for cutting down and removal of most of the trees and woods in the locality and it is recorded that his was the firm that under the orders of the owner of Speke Hall demolished the remnants of the once mighty forests that covered this area, as previously stated. He was also the Village "Beadle" or "Constable" in the early years of the century, a post which he held with great ability and wisdom, discretion, and many lively anecdotes could be told of that discretion.

The Successors of James Rose.

James Longton.

Can it then be wondered at that the foundations of an ideal community were well and truly laid by this remarkable trio of supermen, who were, in the truest sense "the Fathers of the Generation," and when we include the great merits and invaluable work of James Longton, who owing to his family connection with Mr. Rose, was looked upon as a "continuation" if I may so term it, of his father-in-law, and who to a great extent was overshadowed by the mighty attributes of the latter but his equal in many points, and who, by his generous treatment of his work people and his friendly fraternal interest in the local affairs and institutions of the Village, backed by many princely acts of great generosity thereto, had earned for himself the title of "Father of Woolton" in the "adolescent" days when a "Father" was required, when, I say, we group the afore-mentioned Band of

sur, is it exaggeration to say that Woolton was indeed fortunate and when again in the following Biographical List we note the splendid traits of each and all of them it can be safely said that the mantle of James Rose and the exemplary effects of his great work was not lost either on his immediate successors or the generation that succeeded them, but in the inexorable march of time few if any survive whose memories can reach back to the great exploits of the "Boys of the Old Brigade."

As the aspect of the Village in 1825-30 is fully described in Part I, it will not be necessary to again refer to it except to note that the work of the earlier Pioneers was now beginning to bear fruit in various ways. And in the ensuing account of the different characters up to the present century it will be demonstrated that all and all without exception worked for the common good.

Brief Local Biographies or Citizens' "Roll of Honour."

Ashton, Nicholas. Square of Woolton: Woolton Hall. Succeeded his father, John Ashton (of Sankley Canal fame) and resided at the old Hall from about 1750 to 1833. Played a most important part in the annals of Woolton.

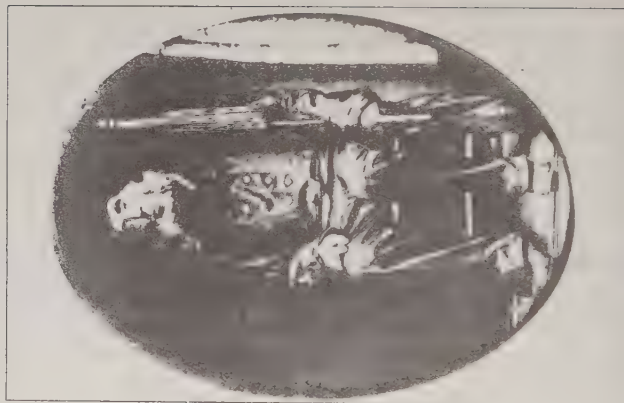
See Notes on "The Square of Woolton" and on "Woolton Hall" in Part I, pages 41 to 44.

Midcock, Thomas. Private School Master and head of a well-known family who did much for Woolton in the first three decades of the 19th Century. Thought some and original in the extreme; was essentially a true type of the ancient schoolmaster and one of the principal characters and "shining lights" of the Village. Figures in old Directory as Landlord of the "Bear and Staff" Inn. (See Photo.)

Almond, Edward. Known to the "ancients" as "Owl Noddy Almond," and was reckoned to be one of the "Intellectuals" who could "enlighten" them on every topic concerning the locality. I have heard him referred to on many occasions to the



HENRY AVERILL



TOMMY ADCOCK

and evidently he was their principal learned man. Being always heard, a descendant of one of the oldest families, it is probable that he was connected with the Father John and, one of the recently canonised English Martyrs (mentioned at I) and who, in 1612, declared that he came from Woolton was born in 1567 on the edge of Allerton, which points to some off Hillfoot Road as the place of his birth, though what school ended at Woolton does not seem to have been ascertained. In those distant days there evidently was a school of some in the Village other than the one in School Lane which only a date some 30 years later.

ed, Alfred James. Schoolmaster. Taught at the old in Grange Lane, Little Woolton, for many years to 1880, was highly respected. Keen of intellect and kindly in manner, was a thorough judge of youthful character and for several years was looked upon as a true friend and adviser to the boys. His care, and his predictions as to their future careers were in many instances remarkably fulfilled. In later years he held the position of Registrar for Deaths and also ran a coal business in Quarry Street.

He was one of the most valued of Woolton's citizens and well deserved to be on "The Roll of Honour." Long may his memory survive.

ail, Henry. Private Tutor. Conducted a private Academy teaching in Acrefield Road (still existing) for a long period and one of Woolton's best known characters and took great part in local affairs. Was largely instrumental in securing the opening of the pathway known as the "Mill Stiles" from Church Lane to Quarry Street when some interfering Official endeavoured to have it closed, and later, when Clerk to the Local Board (in 1885) was one of the main advocates of Gas Lamps in the Village. He is certainly worthy of mention on the Bede Roll of Woolton. (See Photo.)

on, Ralph. Joiner and Cabinet Maker. One of the best and most respected Artisans in the Village. Complete master of his trade and worked for Messrs. William and Thomas F. Hill for a long period. His masterpiece in Cabinet Making may still be seen in the Sacristy of St. Mary's Catholic Church.

made to the order of the then Parish Priest in the late 70's. Resided in the old portion of the Village near the "Cross" for many years.

Allcott, Everard. Draper, etc. The principal Draper and Clothier in the Village in the mid 19th Century to 1880.

Did much for Woolton in a quiet, steady way and was well liked and respected.

He was succeeded by *Alfred Cross*, who also proved a valuable asset to the community in the 80's. The fine commodious premises adjoining Fleming Bros. establishment were built by him and his Drapery business transferred thereto.

Ashe, William. Grocer and Baker. A well-known figure in the Village in the 70's and 80's, hailing originally from Northern Ireland. Took over the business formerly run by *Edward Foulke* (one of the oldest and best known shopkeepers in Woolton).

By his open, genial manner made hosts of friends and materialized every progressive movement at the meetings connected with which he was always welcome. On the erection of the modern shops on the opposite side of Woolton Street he removed the old and his new Bakehouse and Ovens were second to none. Though not a "native" he is well worthy of mention in Woolton records.

Blundell, James. Blacksmith (Little Woolton). Founder of the well-known firm of Smiths and Iron Workers in the early 19th Century and of very ancient lineage, his ancestors reputed to have come from France with the Norman Conqueror. Fearless and straight in manner and dealings, second to none in the knowledge of his trade, he had, for several generations, the practical monopoly of the "Iron Work" of the district, one of his many undertakings being the provision of everything of that nature required in the erection of the Mechanics Institute over 70 years ago, and also the various items for many of the newly-erected mansions of that period.

His descendants still "carry on," though on a much smaller scale.

Well and truly does the name of James Blundell deserve to be inscribed on the "Roll of Honour" as a true Consolidator of the work of the great earlier Pioneers.

Bullen, Hugh. "Hillside." Member of a very ancient family who figured in Woolton and Liverpool for several centuries and had a Brewery in the latter place in the early years of the last century. Coming to reside in the Village about 1800, he was a generous helper in all local works and was highly esteemed by the old natives and is given in an old Directory (1825) as one of the principal inhabitants. His "Mausoleum" is the only one still standing in the grounds of the Old Priory, Watergate Lane.

Currows, John. Bricklayer. One of the best known of the makers of the mid-19th century, and always regarded as one of the "standards" in the matter of knowledge concerning the local affairs of the Village and one of the best at his own particular trade. He did much useful work in his earlier days in the general uplifting of the working class and was a staunch supporter of the Marquis of Salisbury Lodge of Oddfellows, then newly founded, and is reputed to have practically saved that Society from extinction by lending it a goodly sum at a critical moment. His cottage is one of the oldest in the neighbourhood and was famous in having *two* staircases, presumably in order that married sons or daughters living with him should not be inconvenienced. His descendants, like many other old Woolton families, have made their mark in more modern days and still worthily uphold the name and fame of their native place.

Ball, Richard. Bricklayer. Also a well-known standard of Woolton and highly respected. His parents kept the old Post Office opposite the "Cross" in the early days and relatives still occupy the present one still. He was for many years a principal member in the Oddfellows Society and passed through the various offices. On forming a partnership with John Peters, the firm "Peters and Ball" were responsible for many of the erections of "Big Houses" in the vicinity in the 70's and played a prominent part in the general improvement. His name could not well be omitted from the Roll of Honour.

Curryman, Richard. Sub-Postmaster. Formerly at Woolton where, on marrying the daughter of the old Postmaster, Miss Curry, he took charge of the Woolton Post Office, first in Church Street, then in Woolton Street, which he kept for over 40 years and worked indefatigably and with unstinting devotion to the

service of the public and for the good of the Village. - Was succeeded by his niece, Miss H. Blunt, who still holds the position.

Though not a native (hailing from Cornwall) he is entitled to a Public Servant, and for his good work, to receive honourable mention.

Birch, Edwin. Teacher and Reformer. Familiarly known as "Dicky Birch." Was for many years a well-known and extremely energetic figure in all "affairs" connected with the Mechanics Institute and by his great interest in and fiery energy in the work of the Band of Hope, Sunday Schools, Soup Kitchen and every benevolent movement run from that famous Institution indelibly stamped his name on the every-day life of the Village his pleasant and unassuming manner making him a general favourite with all classes. No account of Woolton's working would be complete without a mention of this remarkable character.

Brown, Joseph. Market Gardener. Was for a long time gardener for Henry Burrows, Esq., Doe Park (now a Golf Club and Links), but about 1850 took over a large piece of land below the old Priory which was practically a morass owing to its low lying position. Nothing daunted, he soon, by his great energy, skill and perseverance quickly transformed many acres into a veritable 'Garden of Eden' and at one time in the 60's and 70's used to take enormous quantities of fruit, mainly rhubarb and strawberries into the Liverpool market.

His great knowledge of Grafting and Fruit growing was a household word in the Village and environs and even at the present time his descendants appear to have inherited in no small degree the same gift and are undoubtedly "holding their own." It may be said that Woolton was all the better for his entry into the arena of cultivation, and his example might with advantage be copied by the workers of to-day.

Many of the grounds and flower gardens at the Big House round about were laid out by his masterly hand, and in this as in many other respects he was a true disciple of James Ross and the Roll of Honour is meant first and foremost for men of his stamp. (See Photo.)

Blabey, John James. Chemist. Probably the oldest shopkeeper in the Village (as he himself declared to me) and certainly

e of the greatest Intellectuals of the community. Few men
ew more of old Woolton life, and although perhaps a bit eccen-
c in his ways, was nevertheless a true friend of the people and
s with truth designated "a gradely mon."

He told me personally that he recollected the "mountebanks"
H "shows" pitching their tents on the North Banks of the
Des Pit and in many subjects he was a perfect encyclopedia
information. After the old Priory Chapel was demolished in
75 he took over what had been the Presbytery and resided
re until his death in the 90's. There can be no hesitation in
erting the name of such a man on the List of Consolidators.

Baker, William. Clerk and Registrar. Was for over 30 year.
ncipal clerk in the offices at Woolton Mill for the Longton and
nsdale families. Highly educated and gentlemanly in manner
was, without doubt, one of Woolton's greatest assets, and as
h, was highly esteemed and greatly respected and his additional
t as Registrar for Marriages was filled with the greatest credit.
father was said to have been the last Schoolmaster at the
School in School Lane and his family was one of the best known
in later days have lived up to his high ideals and proved
mselves worthy representatives of the Village "stock." Truly
he acquire a niche in the Roll of Fame of Old Woolton.

Butcher, William. Boot and Shoe Maker. One of the principal
izens of Woolton for many years, and although not a native,
med, like so many others to quickly imbibe the solid qualities
the true Wooltonian. Upright and straightforward in his
ry transaction, keen of intellect and full of energy, he was a
ing worker in practically every movement and performed a
le part in the consolidation of the community. Whether it
in the Councils of the Wesleyan Connexion, of which he was a
anch adherent, Oddfellows Club, Sports Committees, Village
D or any other important affair, the same unbiassed energy
devoted effort were exhibited in a marked manner, and when,
e 36 years ago, the Shops **Half-Holiday** Movement was
agurated in the Village Mr. Butcher was one of its first and main-
porters. For forty years or more he gave to Woolton his
t assistance and richly deserves to be entered on her Roll
Honour. It may be stated here also that he was the chosen

Executor of the well-known Centenarian "nie Kay," and well and truly did he carry out (in the 70's) the diar bequests as to costs of Funeral, etc. Reference to the "event" is made in Part I, page 83.

Blackmore, Thos. Miller, Baker, etc. The family of the Blackmores was always reckoned one of the most ancient in the locality and one that for many generations played a conspicuous part in Old Woolton, both at the Mill and afterwards as bakers, and generally speaking were looked upon as being thoroughly in accord with the best traditions of the old Pioneers and of the truest types of straightforward workers.

Bennett, William. Market Gardener. As Joseph Brown was to the "Chapel Lane" end of Woolton, so William Bennett was to the "Delf Lane" portion. A true type of the old Pioneer and an indefatigable worker he quickly transformed a large plot of *rocky ground* into a fertile spot on the slopes of Woolton Vale. Was well known and highly popular in the early 70's.

A small cluster of uniquely-built cottages at the foot of the Mill Stiles were owned by him and were never claimed after his death. The occupants are, I believe, still living *rent free* and simply pay the Rates.

Byrom, Thomas. Miller. One of the best known men in the Village in the 60's and early 70's, and one of that well-trained band of employees at the Mill who invariably did well for themselves in after life. Like the other workers he did not fail to profit by his long years of experience and his descendants seem to have wisely emulated his example.

In his later years he became Landlord of a thriving Hotel in St. Helens.

Burke, James. Gardener and Publican. Quarry Street.

Quiet and unassuming in his manner and perhaps not quite as much in the "limelight" as some of the afore-mentioned, he by his straightforward and honest integrity of purpose, proved himself one of the best and was undoubtedly a valuable member of Woolton society and highly esteemed by a large circle. He was for many years in the service of the James family at "Beaconsfield," by whom he was highly esteemed. After his death in the

early 80's his family went to Australia, where as usual with folk from Woolton they are still worthily upholding the good old Woolton traditions.

Bushell, William. Woolton Street. An old-time worker at Woolton Hall principally during the Jeffrey regime and a genuine stamp of the good old Villager and though of quiet disposition was always ready to help in the Various affairs and movements for the benefit of the people.

Birchall, John. Wheelwright, etc. One of Woolton's most familiar "figures" for many years and played his part in all the various changes, mostly in the last quarter of the 19th Century, and was looked upon as one of the good old type and highly respected. In his particular line of trade did some very creditable work. A worthy member of the Oddfellows Society for a long period.

Barton Bros. Quarry Owners. This Firm, though perhaps not on so large a scale as some of the others, did much for the benefit of the Village and their energy and enterprise provided a large amount of employment. They were the last to get stone from the extreme South end of the Quarries (in the 70's) when the onrush of water put an end to their activities. I have seen it 20 feet deep at this end at that time, but from some mysterious cause (in the 80's) it disappeared altogether. The Firm was in every respect an asset to the Village.

Barton, James. Stonemason. One of the best-known of the many efficient stone workers of whom Woolton, in the 60's, 70's and 80's, had reason to be justly proud and whose reputation was the best. Coming of one of the oldest families in the district he was a genuine representative of the old "standards" and in many ways assisted in the work of Consolidation. His unceasing work (in conjunction with Mr. F. Coffey) in connection with the "Old Sick Club" in its declining years will not soon be forgotten. He eventually commenced cow keeping in which he was highly successful. Was a worthy son of old Woolton up to the present century.

Butler, Michael. Bricklayer's Labourer. Sober, industrious and steady worker, was one of the good old stamp that never failed

his employer and consequently was never out of work, and though of quiet manner his genuine ways marked him out as one of the best citizens and a good faithful son of Erin. He certainly was a credit to the place of his adoption as all those who knew him will admit.

He finally settled down in America where his family, I believe are held in high esteem. Was a staunch member of the old "Shepherds" Club.

Croft Family.

This family was essentially bound up with the life and work of the Village for many years, their ancestry being one of the oldest. The best known of them perhaps was Thomas, who kept the "Derby Arms" up to the late 70's and was considered among the "best informed" of the citizens, and was also greatly interested in the then new Volunteer Movement.

There was also Christopher and William, the former, a well known Bugler, and the latter an old employee at the Mill, residing in his later days at Lee Park, Little Woolton.

The whole of the family were highly esteemed and well educated for that period.

Collins, William and Joseph. Stonemasons. Among the best known of the artisans of the 60's and 70's and without doubt played their part in the progress of those days. Their workmanship (mainly stone lettering) was always of the highest order and could not be surpassed, while one of them, William, was a vocalist of no mean ability and was known by the sobriquet of "Singing Bill." Well worthy of mention.

Corns, David. Quarry Worker. Humble in manner. Excellent workman, and one who "knew his bit" as far as stone getting was concerned, was one of the "Old Brigade," and it was a pleasure to see him work. His genial temperament and unfailing good temper earned him the "nickname" of "Davy Corns for ever" among his fellow workmen. A perfect sample of Woolton real worker and no trace of "Ca' Canny" in his being.

Cowley, James. Gardener. Considered as one of the exemplary workers in the neighbourhood. Quiet and unostentatious in his general manner he nevertheless gained the respect of a

and was always to be depended upon. He took over the Sub-Post Office at Gateacre in the early 80's and was succeeded by his daughter who still holds the position, need I say, with every credit.

Cross, Doctor. Woolton Street. For many years the most popular Medical Practitioner in the Village. His pleasing manner made him the friend of all and he was looked upon as one of the truest of advisers, and many are the eulogies I have heard concerning him from old inhabitants. His widow, daughter of the great Pioneer, James Gore, nobly carried on his great ideals until quite recently and their "memoirs" are written indelibly in Woolton's history. He was also a great supporter of the "Old Sick Club" and many other movements.

Coombes, James. Landscape Gardener. Another of Old Woolton's "worthies" and one whose figure was known to all, particularly at the "Front Street" end of the Village and "Pudding Bag Square." In his "palmy" days few could beat him in the laying-out of private gardens and lawns, etc, and that is saying a great deal, for owing to the influx of the gentry there was plenty of that kind of work to be done and consequently it brought no small number of competitors into the Village some of whose descendants remain to this day. However our friend "Jim Cumes" "held his own" and was looked upon as possessing in a remarkable degree the "Art of Gardening" and planning out. I remember him in his later days.

Cassidy, Thomas. Ex-Schoolmaster. Said to have descended from the old Irish nobility. Whether that be true or not his bearing was that of the gentleman, and his masterly knowledge of Irish history was remarkable.

He did not take any very active part in Woolton life, but it was evident to all that he was one of the best of Erin's representatives in the Village.

Coffey, Ferdinand. Gardener. Not less in nobility of mind and character than the aforementioned was "Fardy" Coffey, as he was familiarly called. A popular and highly esteemed resident and jannock in his every fibre.

He was in the service of the Fletcher family, Allerton, for many years, the Head of which knew as well as most men how to

distinguish true worth and solid integrity and he eventually installed our worthy friend in high position which, needless to say, he honestly filled, and fully justified his employer's confidence in him.

He was also keenly interested in every local innovation, and in him the "Old Sick Club," St. Mary's Young Men's Society and many others had an unfailing supporter. The Volunteer movement, too, had great interest for him in its early stages and in the Artillery Section (Garston Batteries) he was reckoned as one of their "crack" shots.

Truly one of Woolton's finest characters.

Dumbill, Richard. Tailor. Woolton Street. A well-known famous figure in the social life of Woolton in the 60's and 70's and father of a large and respected family. Was "Big Drummer" in the local Band and familiar with all and sundry, for, to my own knowledge it used to be a common expression among the humbler folk to brast out with "Have you heard the famous Band—Dicky Dumbill's Band: Dicky Dumbill's Band: Have you heard Dicky Dumbill's Band coming down Delf Lane," and it is related that when another "outsider" Band came into the Village on "Club" Days 'Dicky' would edge up to the conductor and say "Give us lots of Bass in it for our "Nan" likes plenty of Drum." And as far as I have known or heard of Dicky he ne'er had an enemy, which speaks volumes for his friendly disposition.

Truly one of Woolton's "Grand Old Men," even if in a somewhat different light.

Derbyshire, John and Family. Like the Blackmore Family this one was part and parcel of the everyday life of the Village for a long period, and were regarded as typical representatives of the genuine Woolton worker. No local gathering was complete without them and well and truly did they play their part in the making of Woolton. The sons in later years proved themselves true offspring of worthy sires. All were staunch supporters of the local Oddfellows Society.

Driver, Thomas. Chemist. Woolton Street. Like his co-gradesman, Mr. Blabey, was one of the "Intellectuals" of the Village in the 60's and 70's, though of an entirely different temperament. Quiet, calm and methodical in his manner, he was the

trusted adviser of many in the dispensary line and both he and his family were highly esteemed and respected. He was also greatly interested in Photography and from his prominent "watch tower" or miniature "observatory" opposite the "Elephant Hotel," snapped numerous scenes of old Woolton Green, its long rows of standings, etc. I have seen them displayed in his shop in the late 70's. He certainly was one of Woolton's "principals."

Davies, Evan. Bus and Cab Proprietor. For many years at any rate from 1870 to 1895, no more striking figure was seen in the ancient end of the Village than "Pa" Davies, which familiar name had been bestowed upon him by his numerous friends and admirers. Though not a "native" it is safe to assert that he had all the attributes of one and was "loved and liked" accordingly. His jovial manner endeared him to all. He "piloted" the Buses (Woolton to Liverpool) through many stormy periods, both of weather and keen competition, before the days of Trams, and his "humanitarian" concern for his horses when the roads were snowy won the sincere admiration of all. I had it from his own lips that no one appreciated a mild winter more than he did, so great was his feeling for his "cattle." Truly a noble trait and one that might well be emulated. He was of huge build and few of Woolton's people but what knew him.

His Portrait is, I am told, in more than one Village home to-day. Long may his memory survive.

Drysdale John. Little Woolton. Was for a long period a well-known figure in and around Little Woolton. His position as Farm Bailiff for Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, of Gateacre, a range naturally brought him much into prominence and he was an interested worker and supporter of most of the forward movements. He was also prominent in the affairs and working of the Woolton Gas Company in the 70's.

Ellinson, Thomas. Pig Butcher. Who, in the Woolton of the 50's and 60's of last century did not know or hear tell of "Old Tommy Ellinson?" For he was, without doubt, one of the principal old "standards" of that period. And that fact may be easily accounted for inasmuch as nine-tenths of the Villagers (as stated in Part I) kept pigs which, as we all know, were bound sooner or later to come under Tommy's kindly attentions, and

thus he could not possibly be ignored. Even the growing youths of the Village were coerced into behaving themselves by their elders by the terrible threat "Naa then lads, tha' mun run for thi life, here's Tommy Ellinson coming wi his knife." And yet despite his murderous calling he was a "rare good sort" and performed more than one benevolent action. His great weakness appears to have been his predilection for Kidneys, and it is actually alleged by various old folk that he did unblushingly filch at times an occasional kidney from pigs that he had killed and then avowed that *Irish pigs only had one kidney*! He is also credited with being the author of the saying "There's ne'er no trouble wi gradely folk."

His sons, William and Francis, succeeded to the business and worthily upheld their sire's good qualities. Both were personally known to me as also were his other three sons and all were life members of the Oddfellows Club. Surely such a family can justly claim a mention in old Woolton records.

Eaton, William. Team Owner and Cowkeeper. Like the several other "yeoman" families referred to, this one of the Eatons was part and parcel of Woolton life for a generation or more and was generally reckoned as "gradely folk" in the truest sense and quietly and unostentatiously gave a hand to all the various movements and innovations in the Village, being of the "stuff" that makes for an ideal community. Their descendants seem to have imbibed the true spirit of their worthy ancestors.

All were staunch members of the famous Oddfellows Club.

Eaton, John. Team Owner. Vale Road. Also a well-known character in the 70's but being of a more reticent disposition does not appear to have figured so prominently as the aforementioned. He was however greatly esteemed and appeared to have played his part in true fashion.

His family carried on Washing and Laundry work on an extensive scale for many years. Was an old time member of the Old Sick Club.

England, Walter. Woolton Brewery. Quarry Street. One of the best known citizens up to 1872. and for many years had charge of the old Brewery at the top of Rodick Street, from which some excellent ale emanated in the late 60's. He appears to have been of the good old type and was highly respected.

Fleetwood, J. M. Quarry Street. Builders. An old and well known energetic family in the early days of Woolton and were instrumental in a great degree in the work of Consolidation. They were, I believe, the builders of the Brewery (referred to above) on whose front their initials may still be seen cut in the stone and also a "square" of houses in Castle Street still known as "Fleetwood Place," and several others, thus taking an active part in the "finishing" of the work of the old pioneers. The Brewery was in the late 70's closed and merged into the "Black Horse" Hotel and is still going strong.

Foulkes, Edward. Grocer, etc. The principal grocer in the Village for several decades, and like several previously mentioned knew everybody and everybody knew him, his name being a household word. He appears to have been a great worker and adviser to many, especially to many of the humble class. His shop will be seen to have come in for "special reference" in the "Ballad of Woolton Green" in Part I.

Certainly one of the old type and very few "misdeeds" are reported of him. I recollect him personally.

Fleming Brothers. Grocers and Wine Merchants. This worthy couple, John and Maurice Fleming, took over the substantial Business formerly held by the Merricks and Smiths for many years in the early 70's and made it a huge success. They had also a Branch Shop in Quarry Street adjoining the "Cobden Vaults." Though not natives they played a prominent part in the affairs of the Village and willingly supported every movement for the benefit of the people and are certainly worthy of mention.

Foster, Patrick. Gardener. Another of those genuine old class of workers who form the true soul of every community and whose record it is a pleasure to mention and who in their own quiet steady manner both by precept and example, solidly and surely imprint their "footsteps on the sands of time" all unknown to their humble selves but productive of great good to the lookers on. Was for many years, with the Rodger family of "Beacon Hill" and was greatly esteemed.

Foster Thomas. Newstead Farm. Came to the neighbourhood about 1877 and like the several others referred to soon imbibed



THOMAS FOSTER



JOSEPH BROWN

the good old air of Woolton Hill activity. Young, and of tremendous energy; though small in stature, he, with the spirit of the old Pioneers altered the whole "face of things" at the Farm and brought it up to date.

"Blessed,"—I will not say "impeded" as some of our short-sighted advocates of "Birth Control" would say to-day, with a large family (12, I believe) mostly sons, he seemed to work all the harder the more his family increased, and complete success crowned his efforts. While amidst it all he found time to attend and support the Congregational Body in the Village of which he was a staunch adherent.

His noble wife (lately deceased) with true Spartan-like spirit splendidly backed him up. His children, most of whom are still living, have inherited in a great degree his grand old spirit, and if there is one example of work well done I would offer to the youth of to-day it is that of this deservedly estimable self-adopted son of Old Woolton. I am proud to include his name on our Roll of Honour and reckon him as one of our greatest Consolidators. The Farm is still worked by one of his sons and is a model of up-to-date methods in the "art of cowkeeping." (See Photo)

Flynn, Bernard. Blacksmith (Merrick's Brow). Quiet in his manner but keen and witty, "Barney" was a true type of "Tubal Cain," his original trade worker, and like the other Celtic figures was well liked by all for his genuine straight forward unvarnished manner and never made an enemy. He worked for James Gore in the Quarries (tool sharpening, etc.) for some 30 years and on many occasions I have "blown the Bellows" for him and knew his good qualities. The good name of Ireland did not deteriorate as far as he was concerned and Woolton benefited by his presence therein.

Greenough Brothers. Quarry Owners, etc. This family appears to have been the real originators of the Quarries, as their names are frequently mentioned even *before* our greatest Pioneer, James Rose, commenced "action," though what move they actually made I have not been able to ascertain. But it appears certain that with the exception of the "Town Delf" which was later absorbed by the Lord of the Manor, the Marquis of Salisbury (opposite Pit Place) the Greenough's first broke into the rocky slope

from Mount Street to the " Mill Stiles " and afterwards the whole length was taken over or bought by Mr. Rose. The fact that the street that is named after them running a certain distance into the Quarry seems to bear out this assumption and also to point out the limit to which they had carried their quarrying when the transfer was made. At any rate they seem to have taken a great part in the pioneer work of the Village and their efforts are well worth recording.

Gore, James. Joiner, etc. Must not be confused with the great pioneer of the same name, but who, nevertheless was an important character in the local life of Old Woolton. Tradesman in the highest sense, he was keenly interested in most of the reforming movements, although his curt manner did not suit everybody. Was a Trustee of the Marquis of Salisbury Lodge of Oddfellows for many years. He had many strange jobs to perform in his trade from time to time, but the most unique was I think the making of 800 plain Black Crosses about 18 inches long for the enterprising Parish Priest of St. Mary's during a " Mission " in 1874, and if the cottages of many of the humble class were examined to-day there would be many of the said Crosses found still hanging on the walls. He certainly was one of the old standards of the Village.

Gore, Richard. Tobacco and Snuff Dealer. A more ideal type of the 17th Century Villager could not be imagined than this grand old character, and many still remember seeing the large wooden figure of an ancient " smoker " with a long pipe in his mouth protruding from over his door. " Old Dicky," as he was called, was one of Woolton's gradely citizens and was highly respected for his sterling qualities and nowhere else could such A. I. snuff and tobacco be obtained. His two sons, Richard and James, entered the Foreign Missionary Society and spent their lives in the Evangelizing of the Negroes of the Southern States. Woolton's energy was evident in *their* case as in many others.

Grace, William. Cowkeeper. Quarry Street. One of Old Woolton's best known " worthies " and one that always took keen interest in its true welfare. Large of stature and in his younger days of commanding appear- was familiar to

everybody. Was one of the principal members of the old "Local Board" and none took a more active hand in the working of it. I have often seen him coming out of the Board Room when the meetings were held opposite the Lodes Pit adjoining the (since rected) Village Club and have also heard the children (when they were doing something they felt was not right) exclaim: "He's coming. Who? Why, the Local Board." Their infantile idea of him. But they had nothing to fear from "Old William" unless they *were* doing something out of place. He was truly one of Woolton's "Grand Old Men."

Grace, Joseph. Bricklayer. Speke Road. Like his namesake mentioned above he was one of the best known and most familiar personages in the Village for a long period (1860 to 1890) and was always to the front when reforms were suggested and from what I have heard the ideas of Joseph Grace were considered valuable and worthy of adoption and his employers invariably entrusted any jobs of a ticklish nature or requiring special skill to his master hand. He took a prominent part in the demolition of the old Priory Chapel in 1875 and was also an energetic officer in the Oddfellows Society for which he did much good work as also in many others. Both he and his family were highly esteemed and respected.

There is no doubt as to *his* fitness to be mentioned in our long list of true workers and consolidators.

Goddard, John. Market Gardener. Was for many years one of the best known figures in the neighbourhood of Gateacre Brow and highly respected for his straight forward and conscientious views, though perhaps a little "extreme" at times. Was one of the principal supporters of the old "Little Woolton Friendly Society," and was, I believe, in it until its dissolution in the mid-nineties. As a staunch Rechabite and Temperance Advocate was one of the Pillars unyielding in every way as far as Drink was concerned.

Gilmartin, Michael. Perhaps of all the sons of Ireland in the Village, the best known and most familiar in the 70's and 80's was this splendid character, who was for many years a faithful servant of the Gladstone family, Woolton Vale. Straightforward and upright he was without doubt one of Ireland's best representa-

tives whilst in Woolton and left a good, clean reputation behind him. Interested in the Oddfellows Club, St. Mary's Young Men's Society, Penny Savings Bank, and various other movements, he was truly a credit to his native Isle and one of Woolton's prominent "citizens" for 40 years or more and did much solid work.

Hampson, The Misses. Ladies School. Figured in Ancient Woolton from the beginning of last Century to about 1875, and theirs was one of the principal "Academies" for private tuition for well over 60 years. Were considered in their day to be highly efficient and up-to-date and certainly exerted an enormous influence for good in the every-day life of the Village. Were staunch adherents of and generous benefactors to St. Mary's Catholic Church as previously to the old Priory Chapel. I have a personal recollection of both.

Howard, William. "Coach and Horses" Inn. One of the oldest tavern keepers in the centre of the Village and as a matter of course known to everybody as one of the best types of old Village worthies. His "establishment" was a great centre of attraction at the "Election of Lord Mayor" for the Annual "Woolton Green" Festival. Was, I am told, in the service of the Woolton Hall folk for many years.

Hesketh, Joseph. Painter (and Poet). One of the old "Wainwright" School, which "brought up" a goodly number of Woolton's best men in the Painting line. Of genial manner and disposition "Joe" Hesketh as he was familiarly called, inevitably made hosts of friends. Always to the front when new ideas or movements were suggested he was a veritable tower of strength to the various Committees and gave great assistance to any and every work aiming for the good of the Village. Woolton Mutual Improvement Society, Penny Savings Bank, Village Club, Conservative Association and many others received a share of his remarkable vigour. He was also a composer and poet of no mean order and could grasp things in an incredibly short space of time. At his trade second to none, as a consolidator and true lover of Old Woolton, one of the best.

Gregory, John and Thomas. Gateacre Brewery. Extremely well-known as befitted their calling, few business men were more

esteemed and respected than the Brothers Gregory—John at Gateacre and Thomas at Tarbock - and justly so.

In the many years, probably 40, that they worked the said Breweries they gained a reputation for integrity and fair dealing that is still existent and many were the generous deeds and substantial assistance that emanated from them.

And their patriotic spirit was exhibited in the fact that when on their Annual Day the Oddfellows Club, with its Band and Procession halted "to give them a tune," for which drinks, said to be "specially brewed" were distributed gratis, it was always a condition that the airs of "A Fine old English Gentleman" and "Auld Lang Syne" were rendered by the musicians, and it was complied with.

The son John, was for about 30 years or more in the service of the Longtons and Lansdales at the Mill as Clerk-Traveller, and his record in that capacity was A.I., the last owner presenting him with a Gold Watch (inscribed) as a souvenir for his great abilities. Surely a family of this kind is well worthy of mention on the local Roll of Honour.

Hartley, William. Quarryman. This man and his family were among the best known among the Woolton workers and nobly played their part in the moulding of the life of the people for a long period to the 90's. Were all good workers and exemplary citizens. One son and one daughter were vocalists and musicians of no mean ability. Truly one of the old standards.

Hughes, William. Team Owner and Coal Dealer. Long regarded by his fellow villagers as one of their most "genuine figures" and, like many others, in his own quiet way, indelibly made his mark in the annals of the Village. He was always considered the soul of integrity, and his sons appear to have closely copied his great example. One of them is still living (over 80) though not at the old house in the "Timber Yard", and at one time was a bricklayer of great repute, and did a lot of good work in the erection of the new Gas Works in 1872.

No family is more worthy of mention in Woolton's great record.

Houghton, Joseph. Quarry Owner. Of ancient lineage, probably the *most* ancient that can be traced, coming originally, I am assured, from Saxon Days (those of Leofric) and a mighty Cor-

tributor in the second Brigade of the Old Pioneers of the Village in the 60's who did so much for the locality generally.

Manager for a time for Joseph Crowther of Wavertree, he eventually took over the Quarry business from a nephew and for many years did invaluable work in and around Woolton. The "Clock" Tower at Wavertree (presented by Sir James Picton) was one of his erections and is entirely of Woolton *White Stone*, which, as it only runs in narrow veins, was no easy matter to secure. The last addition to "Stoneleigh," Beaconsfield Road was also done by him and will bear close examination as regards good workmanship to this day. He was also the first to open up the Quarries behind the Police Station in 1874, and yet, like many others previously mentioned, found time to devote to social work in the Village. The Local Board, Oddfellows Society and many other Institutions were under obligations to him for invaluable advice and assistance.

Truly, if not one of the actual pioneers, was undoubtedly in the *first line* of consolidators. All honour to his memory.

Houghton, James. Son of the above. Coming from a Parent such as the afore-mentioned, it requires a keen knowledge and imagination to picture and enumerate the long and brilliant work and efforts of this worthy representative of good old Woolton. Not even the most biased will refuse to give ungrudging testimony to the value of the services of this grand old son of the Village and to his steady persevering efforts and unswerving integrity in the cause of his native place. His one and only aim seems to be the preservation of that gradely old spirit of personal straightforwardness and true independence which, as I have been endeavouring to show, animated from first to last the Pioneers and Makers of Old Woolton. The durable value of his unceasing efforts even in his 80th year, can never be measured or sufficiently appreciated. Like his respected parent he has figured in every real progressive movement—Urban District Council, Oddfellows Club, Liverpool City Council, Gateacre Chapel, Mechanics Institute, Penny Savings Bank and Chairman and Adviser on many Committees, in addition to which he has been instrumental in securing valuable concessions for the Village folk. Nobly has he earned *his* right to be inscribed on Woolton's Roll of Honour.

And may the future generations of the youth of the Village or "Town" as it now is, refer back to him as a shining light to be imitated and consistently followed.

Knowing Mr. Houghton as I have done all my life I feel that no apology is needed for my heartfelt recognition and appreciation of his matchless services to the community of Woolton and I have not recorded half of them.

Hatch, Henry. Gas Works Manager. Though not a native was another example of the great tonic of energy and activity which seemed to permeate the many who made Woolton their adopted home. He was without doubt one of the finest characters and indefatigable workers. Coming to the Mill (that unrivalled "nursery" of talent) about 1860, he soon made his energy felt and when later he was appointed Secretary to the Gas Company the latter quickly reached the zenith of its prosperity under his masterly handling of its affairs, and the new and more commodious and modern plant, etc. bore testimony to his great ability and resistless energy as master hand and director.

He was also Secretary of the Marquis of Salisbury Lodge of Oddfellows for some 30 years and that too, benefitted immensely by his keen business-like management of its concerns. As member and Chairman of the Urban District he did much good work, and was for two years Justice of the Peace owing to the latter position. The Building Society, Village Club and many other movements were also greatly assisted by his great organizing ability, and his kind, genial manner and willingness to help all and sundry secured for him universal esteem. In truth it may be said that Mr. Hatch was a Consolidator, par excellence, and having worked with him I can give unbiassed testimony.

Howe, George. "Elephant Hotel" (in the 70's). An unique type and survivor of the old Stage Coach Driver and an interesting figure in the Village. Gentlemanly, though stern in manner, he often enlivened his customers and friends with his old-time Reminiscences on the North Country Roads in the old Coaching Days, and he *could* tell the "story" in a manner that was "peculiarly his own." A relative of mine once went to London with him on a holiday, and their exploits and experiences in the "Great City" were fit for a "Rider Haggard" Story Book. He was

certainly one of Woolton's Grand Old Men, and like his old friend " Pa " Davies (previously mentioned) was, so to speak, the last of his race.

Houlgrave, Henry. (Little Woolton). Formerly Aughrim.

A descendant of one of the most ancient of the families that, centuries ago, was said to have settled on the lands of the Child-wall Valley (Wolveton Parva) for many years. Was one of the best known and respected yeomen workers in Little Woolton.

Ingham, James. " Cobbler " and Lamp Lighter. No record of Woolton would be complete without the inclusion of " Owd Jimmy " the Lamplighter. To see him going merrily on his rounds humming some familiar " ditty " and note his supreme content and satisfaction was as good as a tonic and many are the tales that could be told of his unique experiences in those days, the 60's and 70's. To add to his meagre allowance for his " public services " he did a bit of " cobbling " at home (in Provosts Yard) and his sons as I knew them were real " chips of the old block." He was a famous " landmark " in the Woolton of 60 years ago.

Jones, Edmund. Ironmonger. (Local Preacher). Known to all the neighbourhood as " Tinman Jones " and up to the 80's took a lively part in the various affairs of the Village. Was in every respect " unique " in character and is well worthy of mention. Nothing came amiss to him, even to Local Preaching. Hailing from the Principality he was of course a Nonconformist and a strong Radical, but soon ingratiated himself into the ways of the Village and many humorous anecdotes can be related of him. I give one as told by himself at a certain Public Meeting at which he was, as was his wont, " decrying " the Clergy.

" One Sunday a small boy was playing with some mud and stones in a country lane when a Clergyman came along and said ' What are you doing my little man ? ' ' I'm building a church,' said the boy. ' That's good,' said the Clergyman, ' but where is the Parson ? ' ' Oh,' said the boy ' It takes too much ' muck ' to make a Parson.' "

There is no doubt that our worthy friend was for a long time the life and soul of the Village, and his familiar figure, in his Turkish Smoking Cap when at his shop and " Silk Shiner " when on public business will long be remembered, and when in the

course of time he "shuffled off" this mortal coil was keenly missed. His keen interest in the general welfare of the place and his honest straightforward ways secured for him the goodwill of all, and no one, I feel sure, will grudge him special mention.

Jones, Thomas. Builder, etc. One of the old stamp of Woolton tradesman and was the builder of many of the cottages in the locality. Many of the cleverest of the artisans of the Village served their apprenticeship at "Tom Jones's." Was greatly interested in the various Clubs and Societies—Oddfellows, Building Club, etc. Being of genial manner and kindly disposition was deservedly popular and was always a great helper in Woolton's well-being.

Jones, Richard. Grocer, etc. Quarry Street. Another adopted son of Woolton and one of its principal figures for a long period to the 80's. Gave great assistance to many of the reforming movements and was highly respected.

Was also a Trustee of the Oddfellows Society and interested in the Gas Works and Building Club. Later he took over the "Black Horse" Hotel and had it for several years.

Jones, Edwin. Clerk. Vale Road. Though not as much in the limelight of the Village as were most of the others referred to was one of the truest and most "gradely." All who knew him or with whom he came in contact will admit that in all his dealings he was the soul of integrity and a credit to the community. Interesting himself in every reform and progressive movement he was a tower of strength on the various Committees on which he served. The Mechanics Institute, Penny Savings Bank, Liberal Association, Village Club, and many others felt, in a marked degree, the great and immeasurable value of his connection with them. I am afraid that unfortunately there are only too few of his calibre to-day. He was a perfect specimen of the old masters of the Village and Woolton's Roll of Honour would not be complete without his name though he himself, in his modest, humble manner, would be the last to agree to it had the choice been in his power.

Hodgetts Family. Butchers. Allerton Road. This well-known family played an important part in the affairs of Woolton for well nigh half-a-century and well deserve honourable mention.

Taking part in the everyday life of the Village and its various Institutions, they proved themselves true consolidators and generally speaking stood for all that was genuine and straightforward. The father died young, and the mother, with true Spartan-like spirit and assisted by her sons, kept on the business and did their bit for their parent and for Woolton.

They were all staunch supporters of the Oddfellows Club, for which one of them, Thomas, did much valuable work.

Kinnear, Alexander. Grocer and Baker. Quarry Street. Head of a well-known and highly esteemed family and was for many years one of the men of the people. Carried on Public Baking and the preparing of Sunday Dinners when that system was at the height of its popularity, and his keen attention to his work and never-failing courtesy secured for him a numerous circle of friends. Was a staunch adherent of the Wesleyan Methodist body. Interested in everything that made for the general good his name can justly be inscribed on the Roll of Honour. His descendants are still "going strong."

Kay, Gannie. Born about 1773. Progenitor of a numerous and well-known family, ancestors of whom have been in the locality for many generations and who are acknowledged to have done much in the forming of Woolton. The old lady kept a "Public Mangle" and appears to have been a general "convenience" to the working class in the matter of "lighting" when matches and candles were things of the future. (See *Part I*).

Leather, George. Farm Bailiff. Held the position of Farm Bailiff on the Estate of the Fletchers for many years and he and his family were among the best known of the older inhabitants of the Village for a considerable period and were always reckoned A.1.

Leather, Henry. Tailor. Quarry Street. Was always looked upon as one of the old exemplary standards and worked, though in a quiet way, for the general good of the Village, and was greatly respected.

Lace, Ambrose. "Beaconsfield." An old-time Attorney of great repute who was often referred to as the great adviser of the

early Pioneers and who, according to old records, was one of the best informed men of his day. I have often heard Old Wooltonians speak of his great accomplishments and apparently he did much for Woolton in the mid-19th Century.

Lathams, The Misses. Private Teaching Academy. Regarded as the most efficient teachers in the Village in the beginning of the last Century, and like the Misses Hampson, did much good work for the general improvement of the growing population. Theirs was a familiar household word for half-a-century or more. They were keen supporters of the old Priory Chapel and Schools.

Lansdale, Robert. Woolton Mills. As briefly stated in Part I, the Mill "business" was in the 70's (during the "infancy" of Mr. F. J. Longton) controlled by this keen, capable and up-to-date character, and during that period the Mills were utilized to their utmost capacity, fully maintaining the high standard of the Rose - Longton enterprise and as always in previous years, both employer and workers at the Mill were invariably on the best of terms, so Mr. Lansdale nobly cemented the good friendly spirit and was a splendid asset to the Village generally and a true Consolidator.

In later years he resided at Halewood and was keenly interested in Cotton Investments, etc.

Lowe Brothers. Team Owners, etc. Were always reckoned as one of the most ancient families and for a long period were the principal team owners in the Village and had a record for regularity and good work never surpassed. Were of the old genuine type of pioneers and were always held in great respect and esteem.

Grandson John had one of the Quarries (originally James Gore's) and worked it for nearly 30 years, supplying the stone required for the last addition to Beechwood and Knowsley Hall.

Lynch, John. Woolton Priory. I have referred to many of the old standards as being esteemed and respected, but in this case it would be more truly correct to use the term "revered and beloved," for in John Lynch the Woolton of seventy years ago had one that was more like a Father, and verily *no Father* could do more for or take a greater interest in the welfare of his offspring than our worthy friend did for the old Village folk, and the community, particularly the Catholic portion, knew it and felt that at his death their best friend had gone, and he was sorely

missed. High minded and of true nobility of purpose, sympathetic in every fibre, John Lynch gained the hearts of all and it is simply superfluous to attempt to record his many virtues or to estimate his great value to the locality.

Such a man requires no eulogies, his good deeds live after him. He was without doubt one of the "Fathers of his Generation," and his memory will never fade. He was a tower of strength to the Catholic cause in its most trying time.

Lott, Philip. Grocer and Baker. A most indefatigable worker in the cause of Woolton's good and one of the most familiar figures in the Village and a proved friend and adviser to many of the working class. Originally in the service of James Gore, and afterwards at the Mill, like so many of Woolton's best men, he took over the grocery and bakery business previously held by the Nye's and worked it for about 30 years to 1890. Kindly in manner, energetic and reliable, he made himself indispensable in every movement and had the confidence of the community and few were more respected. He was also a great worker in Church affairs and as life-long member of the two Gateacre Friendly Societies for which he did much valuable work.

Surely a Roll of Honour is primarily meant for men of the stamp of Philip Lott.

Lawton, Thomas. Plumber and Painter. One of the old "Wainwright" School of apprentices and a most energetic worker in the 70's and 80's and performed much good and durable work in connection with the "Travellers Rest" Lodge of Oddfellows, Gateacre. For a long time was one of Woolton's best known characters and a successful business man. In his early days he kept the Village Cross Inn where the Council Offices now are.

Lofthouse, Joseph. Boot and Shoe Maker. This, too, was one of the most popular shopkeepers of the Village for many years, and took an active part in most of the forward movements. Was a staunch member of the old Sick Club, as an official of which he did much good work. He was not a native, coming from in or near Preston, and it will be noted that that town has in the past sent quite a number of her worthy sons to give a hand in the consolidating of our old Village.

Lawrence, Richard. Gardener. A well-known figure in the Village for many years (in the 70's and 80's) and a trusted employee of the Healey Family, Oakfield, Gateacre. Was extremely versatile and jovial and one of Woolton's indefatigable workers. He played a prominent part in the Marquis of Salisbury Lodge of Oddfellows for 30 years or more, and also in St. Mary's Young Men's Society, and like most of the old standards was always ready and willing to give a hand on every needful occasion. He is well worthy of special mention.

Lee, William. Grocer and Baker. Gateacre Brow. Well-known and highly respected for many years, particularly in the Little Woolton area, and solidly founded a bakery and grocery establishment. Was a man of keen judgment and did valuable work in connection with the Woolton Gas Company and in fact in many other local movements.

Large, William. Coachman. "Beaconsfield." For many years the trusted servant of the "James" family, "Beaconsfield," and rightly so. Well educated and highly intellectual he and his family were highly esteemed and respected, and though not doing much "out of the ordinary" was essentially a great asset to the Village. Was a devoted member of the Congregational body, and his family all "made good" to a remarkable degree.

Liptrot, John. Coachman. Few men were better known in and around Woolton in the 70's, 80's and 90's than John Liptrot. Of sterling character, upright in his every action, he was undoubtedly one of the best, and those that came into contact with him soon realized it. He was for many years in the service of the Graves family, "Dowsefield," and later with Sir James Reynolds by both of whom he was greatly esteemed. Was also a devoted adherent of the Catholic body.

Lambert, John. Boot and Shoe Maker. Few figures in the Woolton of the mid-19th Century were more respected than John Lambert, and rightly so. Of pleasant manner and quiet disposition, he did a large amount of good work for the benefit of the people and was one that could always be depended on for advice on complicated matters. His work in connection with the Mechanics Institute and Oddfellows Club and several other

Societies was simply invaluable and what he did was performed in his own calm unruffled way. He was one of the grand old characters of the Village and is well entitled to be entered on the Roll of Honour.

Liversage, John. Gardener and Local Preacher. Another prominent figure, greatly respected for his solid integrity and straight dealing and firm convictions. No one could in anyway doubt his sincerity. A staunch Liberal in politics he was a great asset to the cause in the Village and being a fluent, earnest speaker always secured a good hearing. Was largely instrumental in founding the Woolton Christian Mission, of which he was the leader for many years. He was also gardener for Joseph Penlington, "Sunny Bank," and later took up cowkeeping.

The merits of such as he are well worth recording.

Marsh, Thomas. Team Owner. Vale Road. One of the first line of consolidators and one of the many straightforward hard workers who may rightly be termed the pride of old Woolton. Among the most familiar characters in the 60's and 70's, like the Lowe family, he appears to have done the main carting of the Village, though at a later epoch. He was, I understand, the original proprietor of the "Hole in th' Wall" Tavern in Vale Road, one of the oldest Inns in the neighbourhood and long since demolished. "Owd Tom" was of a lively disposition and liked a glass of good ale, but for all that he was a gradely good 'un and performed his share in the making of Woolton. I recollect once seeing his horse and cart tumble down the Quarry slope opposite "Kettle Nook" some forty or fifty feet and unconcernedly walk home after it. Evidently the "old grey" was made of the same "gritty" stuff as his master.

Marsh, John. Wheelwright. A true type of the old Village artisan and energetic and clever at his trade with all the Woolton characteristics. No "Ca' Canny" business ever seems to have entered his noble mind, and when his employer, John Birchall, had secured a job at any of the "Big Houses" in the vicinity the request invariably was "send Marsh." Could any better testimonial be required. Would that there were more of the stamp of worker to-day. Surely one of Woolton's best.

Marsh, Isaac. Blacksmith. Woolton Mill. Probably the best known figure in the Village for 60 years (1840 to 1900) and was for 50 years in the service of the Rose and Longton families (having been engaged by James Rose himself) and during which period he never lost a "quarter." One of the straightest of men and a perfect type of workman he never ceased to hold the confidence of his employers and his record is a blameless one. Truly might it be said of him as in the case of the old Kentish Peasant Isaac Ashford: "In no man's presence Isaac felt afraid; at no man's question Isaac was dismayed." His private work in his own Cottage Garden (after his long hours at the Mill) was simply marvellous. His large family lived to take part in the Golden Jubilee of his marriage in 1892. He was also in the Oddfellows Society for 63 years. One of his wise sayings was "If tha' knows nowt good about anybody say nowt." Was a true type of Lancashire man, his ancestors being agricultural implement makers at Halebank and Warrington. (See photo.)

Marsh, James. Grocer. Son of the above. Like his revered parent, loomed largely in the consolidating of the Village, though in later decades and by his unswerving integrity of purpose and straightforward dealing, earned the confidence and goodwill of every section of the community.

Born practically within the shadow of the old Mill, he personified the true grit and straightness of the typical Wooltonian and was a true son of a worthy sire and which latter he did not neglect in his declining years. His Life Story reads like a romance and is worth recording for the benefit of those youths who may perchance be placed in like circumstances.

Being sent to a Night School (at great sacrifice to his parents in those days—the 60's) to the well-known Alfred J. Aldred, previously referred to, he was taught the higher courses of Algebra, Mensuration, Mathematics, etc., and did not fail to make good use of them in after life.

After "serving his time" to a Grocer in Liverpool (1866 to 1871) he struck out for America (having saved his "passage money" unknown to his people, and leaving Liverpool in October, 1871, landed at Galveston six weeks later with only five cents (2½d.) in his pocket. Nothing daunted, he "shouldered his box" and according to his father's advice took the first job that offered



JAMES MARSH



ISAAC MARSH

itself which was "tarring a Cathedral," for most of the buildings in the South in those days were constructed of wood. After many ups and downs, including railway surveying for the Texas and Pacific Railway, then in its infancy and during which his night school subjects proved of great advantage to him and by which he came much in contact with the "darkies." He returned to his native place in 1878, opened a Grocery and Provision establishment the following year in Allerton Road and for 40 years (to 1919) carried on with phenomenal success during which period he was an energetic worker and promoter of every good work in the Village. His matchless record of service was as follows :

Thirty years on the Prescot Board of Guardians (representing Woolton) during which time he filled the office of Chairman of the Board and Chairman of various Committees ; Member of the Much Woolton Local Board and District Council for 26 years, being Chairman twice and two years on the Bench of Magistrates (as such) ; Senior Overseer for the Township of Much Woolton for 14 years ; on the City Council (Liverpool) for six years, during which he secured important concessions for Woolton in the matter of Rating, etc. ; was for 40 years a Member and Official of St. Mary's Young Men's Society and for 17 years was also Treasurer and President of the local Branch of St. Vincent de Paul Society.

He was also largely instrumental in the building and equipping of St. Mary's Hall (as detailed elsewhere).

Surely one of the most remarkable of the Village "consolidators" or rather "top stoners," for when he retired from business and went to his family in Fort Worth, Texas, U.S.A. in 1919, Woolton had begun to "decline" and has never since "recovered." (See Photo.)

Martin, John. Quarryman. Ideal workman, thorough type, of native, quiet in his ways, nevertheless, honest and straightforward and a pattern that could with advantage be copied in these more modern days. Worked many years for the well-known Timothy Walker. Father of a large family, as were most of the old Wooltonians, his sons all made good. Was a life-long member of the old Sick Club and his descendants, though mostly in other towns, appear to have inherited the true spirit of old Woolton as per his example. Well and truly is he entitled to be on our Roll of Honour.

McCabe, Owen. Shopkeeper and Hawker. Of all the sons of the Emerald Isle that ever made Woolton their home, and there were many, consequent on the Famine in 1847, none were more 'picturesque' or more interesting than friend Owen. A true born Irishman in the strictest sense he "landed" soon after the Great Famine and for something like 40 years was the "life and soul" of the Quarry Street end of the Village and was known to all and sundry. His "Whoo-a-up," as he trudged every day "from morn to dewy eve" with his ancient grey "mule-mustang" and his load of strongly "scented" fish could never vanish from one's memory, and later, when his "establishment" was turned into a "lodging house" it was his boast that for 20 years his "fires had 'niver' been out." Truly he kept the "home fires burning," and well did the keen Celtic 'flare' of his marvellous wit keep 'alight' to the day of his return to Mother Earth, which took place in the Street one day whilst on his rounds. And even then, his friends, imbibing as it were a bit of his genial spirit, gave him a "rale Irish Wake," probably the last in Woolton on a 'gradely' scale. It was kept up for several days and was 'patronized' by prominent tradesmen and others, one of those present giving me these 'details.' The coffin was placed upright in a corner and a Pipe placed in Owen's mouth, while beer, snuff and tobacco was supplied in plenty to all the 'Visitors.' Songs and dances enlivened the proceedings, and who knowing Owen (as I knew him) could deny that if he had had the power would have ordered otherwise. So passed one of Woolton's unique Celtic characters.

Molyneux, Thomqs. Miller. Quarry Street. One of the old Mill employees in its early days, keen of intellect, immensely energetic, reliable workman, was greatly esteemed and respected, both by his employers and fellow Villagers, and as may be imagined did yeoman service in various ways in the strengthening of the work of the old Pioneers.

Molyneux (or Mullas) William. Speke Road. Of all the types and figures given above as helping in one way or another the cause of Woolton, none were *quite* of the same stamp or so "unique" in a way as William Molyneux, or, as he was invariably styled 'Billy Mullas' and in passing I might say that the old folks

in giving him that title (merely to shorten the name in their idea) little knew or were aware that "Mullas" was the *correct* name for was it not "De Mule or Mullas" that came over with the Conqueror in 1066 and the name got "corrupted" as the years rolled on. And as if to emphasise his ancient lineage our friend William at that period—I refer to 1850—lived in what was one if not the oldest cottage in the locality, for I have heard my own relatives say that one of them resided there in 1823 and it is still inhabited and shows little or no signs of decay, being built strongly of good Woolton stone.

Therefore was he looked upon as one of the "fathers" of the Village and was, I am told, a great worker in his day. When in 1872 I saw him seated on the raised stone steps of his little cottage (in Speke Road) I fancied him as of a "truly rural" type, almost the last of his kind, and on that occasion he was calmly listening to the music of the old Prescot Band as it rendered the old time airs of "Robin Gray" and "Auld Lang Syne" at the Fete of the Oddfellows Annual Day held in the field opposite, alas, now taken up by the remorseless hand of the modern builders.

It was a calm, cloudless July evening, such as we "used to have" in those far off days, but which in these times of "meteorological observing" seem to have almost left us. At that epoch the once energetic William had much "deteriorated," having, so I learned, taken an undue liking to the saving of the "filthy lucre," and in consequence neglecting everything else, his wife (Jane) sharing the same ideals with him, so much so that he was pointed out as "th' owd miser."

He died two years later and a considerable sum of money was found in the old cottage. But we must not forget to give him due credit and recognition for his previous good work.

Moss, John. Landscape Gardener. Few men were better known in the "ancient" end of the Village than "Jack Moss," who for many years was a principal figure and was reckoned as one of the most competent in the laying-out of lawns, etc. and few could handle a spade better. He was also very versatile and well informed and was one of the old standards in the 60's and 70's.

Nye, Henry. Grocer. Allerton Road. For many years one of the principal shopkeepers in the Village and extremely popular with all classes. Upright and sincere in all his dealings, he and his family were always considered typical of Woolton's finest characters.

Nicholson, D. and Family. Allerton Road. Of highly educated, respectable and very ancient ancestry, this was one of Woolton's intellectual lights in its growing days. Born in the early years of the 19th Century, he seems to have had the social welfare and general good of the people at heart in an exceptional degree and laboured earnestly for the carrying out of his great ideals, and in those unsettled days that required no small amount of personal courage. He appears to have been a prime mover in the establishment of the Mechanics Institute, and his Address at the opening of its Library and Reading Room in 1862, though simple in style, is well worth perusing, his deep and fervent conviction and great solicitude for his native spot and for that alone he has gained his right to be on the Roll of Woolton's best sons. The family have always been held in high esteem.

Olver, Thomas and Sons. Quarry Owners. This Firm played a very important part in pioneer work as well as consolidation that was such a necessity in the middle of the last Century, and up to the 80's secured many of the contracts for the large houses, churches and schools in the vicinity, all of which are to-day standing examples of excellent workmanship. The Quarries on the North side of the Mill Stiles footpath were, I believe, originally commenced by them and one of the lines on which their famous and unique "Jenny" used to run is still visible. It was some 50 feet or more in height on a narrow ledge and used to convey large masses of rock from the working end of the Quarry to the entrance for convenient carting away, and was, I am told, about the first of its kind used in this country.

On the Northern side of the Quarry being appropriated there was, of course, no further use for it. Who can say that even in those distant days that the old employers of Woolton were afraid to adopt new methods. They were also steady supporters of the various good works that were inaugurated for the general uplifting of the people.

Phythian, William. Plumber, etc. Well-known and highly esteemed in the Village for many years to the 90's for his solid reliable character without which no community can be perfect. He was trusted to a marked degree as one that could always be depended upon to do the correct thing at the right moment. Certainly one of the old standards and did much valuable work in a calm, steady way.

Phythian, Joseph. Greengrocer. Though rather quiet and reserved in manner this was one of Woolton's "gradely uns," and as a descendant of a good old stock never failed to do his bit or lend a helping hand when required. The Village was all the better for his advice and assistance, while his genial temperament made him lots of friends.

His son is still carrying on the business and has on many occasions exhibited the true Wooltonian spirit and proved that his parents' example has not been lost on him.

Peters, John. Bricklayer and Builder. One of the second line of the old pioneer brigade and among the oldest and best known. Was at one time of great influence in Village affairs and responsible for many innovations. As head of the firm of "Peters and Ball" secured many good contracts for building in the neighbourhood, and his keen, shrewd business-like manner was recognised all round. He was also a "crack" shot with the rifle, probably the best in the Village, a gift which his son, Robert Henry, seems to have inherited. On general topics of local interest few could approach him. For 60 years or more he played a prominent part in the consolidating of Woolton, and his sons have to a great extent imbibed his genius. He would have made an excellent "right hand man" for James Rose.

Well and truly does his name deserve to appear on our long "Bede Roll."

Pinnington Family. This family had many representatives in Much and Little Woolton, and the name figures in very ancient records. Like most of the other ancients they appear to have been possessed of the old Woolton stamina, and can be credited with a vast amount of good work well performed.

They appear to have always formed an integral part of the old Village and locality.

Pethick, Dr. C. S. Still another of Woolton's adopted sons who is well worthy of honorable mention and who, in the 40 years or more of his residence in the Village has nobly done his share in the work of uplifting and improving the everyday life of the people. His record in this respect is one of the best, and few will, I think, disagree in the matter of placing his name in the "Annals of the People." And now, in the "evening of his days" he has, I am told, gone to reside at the Old Mill House (call it by whatever other name you will), erected by Woolton's greatest pioneer, James Rose. Well, perhaps the details I have given of the great "King of Woolton" will have a special piquant interest for him.

Quick, Robert. Bricklayer. A worthy member of the old School of Woolton tradesmen, and one who secured and maintained a reputation for honest straight work that he never forfeited. Was an energetic member of the Oddfellows Club, and in fact was ever willing to help in every forward movement. It may be mentioned that the Quick family are reckoned among the oldest in the district and had many "offshoots."

Rigg, Doctor. Woolton Street. The most famous Medical Practitioner in the Village in the mid-19th Century and was a great authority on Vaccination when that idea was first adopted. From what I am told he was a man of great ability and was looked up to for many years as a sound friend and trusted adviser.

I recollect seeing his first notice *re* Vaccination painted on a zinc sheet at the corner of Quarry Street, dated 1850 about.

Rimmer, James. Blacksmith, etc. One of the many gifted artisans who "graduated in the Smithies" of the old Blundell Firm, and a well-known and familiar figure in the Village for a generation and one who was conversant with every phase of Woolton life in the closing years of the 19th Century. He resided for many years in the ancient stone cottage at the southern extremity of Hillfoot Road on the edge of Allerton adjoining "Bellis's" Wood, a spot which was at one time a much-used camping ground for the gipsy fraternity, and intensely picturesque with its carpet of primroses and blue bells, also bushes of wild roses and blackberries.

It is probably this exact spot which the English Martyr, Father John Almond, referred to, when before his judges for his religious

professions in 1612, as this is in fact the only point where the three old Townships of Speke, Allerton and Woolton converge and which may rightly be termed th' edge of Allerton, and the old cottage itself can quite easily be imagined to be of that age, being very strongly built of local stone. The immediate locality was, I am informed, the last spot of the great Speke Forest to be cleared.

Our friend, Mr. Rimmer, put in many happy years in this lonely but lovely nook, and later came into the Village to end his days. His son still resides in one of the old Quarry Cottages built by the great mill owner in 1848, and which, like several others mentioned, has stood the test of time remarkably well.

It gives me extreme pleasure to insert the name of "Jim Rimmer" in the list of Woolton's worthy workers, and it may be further mentioned that he was one of the "patriotic" band of Villagers who defied the arbitrary action of the Lord of the Manor in his attempt to fence in the "Lodes Pit" site many years ago, and both by protest and the strength of his brawny arm demolished the iron fencing and finally secured the area as a perpetual right of the inhabitants.

Chisholm, Dr. J. M. M.R.C.P. Out Lane. As Dr. Rigg was in the 50's and 60's, so Dr. Chisholm was in the latter half of the last century. He was recognised as a man of great knowledge and great experience and though essentially a "gentleman's doctor" was, nevertheless, well liked and highly esteemed by all. His long connection and brilliant services at the Convalescent Home will not soon be forgotten and in the every-day life of the Village he played a great part though in a calm cool way, while his quiet generosity was well-known to many.

And while on this subject of Medical services it must not be imagined that though only several have been mentioned all the rest are ignored, for no one that is cognisant of their splendid work in the locality could leave out such high-souled conscientious men as Doctors Little, Wood, Bellis, Tattersall, Joll, Vereker and others, whose record of unselfish devotion to the middle and poorer classes and in connection with the various Friendly Societies could never be adequately enumerated. Their names loomed largely in Woolton's history and only lack of space prevents many more details being given here. I am proud to include all their names on the Roll of Honour.

Rushton Bros. Wheelwrights and Timber Merchants. This firm, founded by one of the great trio of old pioneers, as stated in the earlier pages, continued to flourish up to the 90's but is now extinct. The three sons of the great "originator" carried on vigorously for many decades and were, in fact, the principal timber workers round Liverpool, and their yard in Allerton Road was a veritable hive of industry and practically absorbed all the would be apprentices to that particular trade during that period. It would be safe to say that nine-tenths of all the trees that were cut or blown down from 1830 to 1890 in a radius of many miles were dealt with by them as also the main volume of the cart construction, etc. And as previously referred to it is said that the last remnants of the Great Forests in the Speke and Allerton direction were demolished by the original John Rushton. Perhaps their greatest removals in later years was after the "Big Wind" of '39 and that of October, 1881, when (in my own recollection) some 45 huge elms were blown down in one night in a length of about 250 yards in Belle Vale Road and their removal in an incredibly short space of time in those days of primitive appliances bore a lasting testimony to the enterprise of the Rushton firm. The son, Richard, who later opened up on his own account in Woolton Street was one of the first Inventors of the Corn Drill as it is used to-day and which has been awarded many medals at the various Agricultural Exhibitions.

Without a doubt the extinction of their business has been a great blow to the Village the loss of which has never been made good. The Brothers Rushton were also life-long members of the old Sick Club or "Gentleman's" Society as it was often called and were one of its principal assets.

Rushton, Robert and James. Millwrights. Relatives of the afore-mentioned and no less capable and energetic. Both - father and son—were highly skilled workmen and possessed a thorough knowledge of everything connected with the working of a wind or steam mill. No details puzzled them and many of the sails on the Windmills of Prescot, Bold, Garston, Bebington and even in the Fylde district were constructed and repaired by them, to say nothing of Woolton. The present sails on the Mill on Bidston Hill were the handiwork of the son James, and the restoration of which was the idea of the late Lord Leverhulme

in the mid-90's and when on the completion of the work he came to inspect it he questioned James Rushton as to its durability, etc. The "master hand" replied "That if the rivets in the Sails had been of *Copper* instead of *Iron* they would last another half century or more." The Donor only smiled, but as in his own line of business he firmly believed in the maxim that the *best* was in the end the *cheapest* he said "Then it must be done *properly*," and consequently the Iron rivets were taken out and copper substituted, and there they remain (as far as I know) at the present time. This little item was related to me personally by James Rushton himself on the day that it happened.

I used frequently to visit him while he was there, the work being carried on in the precincts of the Mill and the fissures in the red sandstone were of great advantage as a "saw-pit" etc. And when the last owner of Woolton Mill required new sails or repairs or installed modern innovations in the steam mill portion, James Rushton was the man to carry out the work.

Quiet, unassuming, almost to shyness, he and his father were of Woolton's best and their talents and ability were on a par with past previous records and achievements of the gifted Rushton family, who all seemed to possess in a remarkable degree the old Woolton "grit," and whose names should be written in Letters of Gold on Woolton's Roll of Honour.

Rylands, James. Grange Lane. One of Little Woolton's grand old worthies and exceptionally esteemed and respected as one of their best. His sons, all of whom I have known personally, were made of the same calibre and in all the Clubs and reforming movements in and around Woolton, played a noble part.

Roughley, Richard. Painter and Decorator. Another of Woolton's matchless old characters in the 60's and 70's. Coming, as so many did from the old "Wainwright" school of workmen he set up on his own, and later with Messrs. Lawton and Fazackerly (fellow apprentices) and by his personal attention to his work and his unswerving integrity of purpose proved himself one of the old type and was universally respected and esteemed. His sons carried on the trade successfully in the most up-to-date fashion and secured many valuable contracts with the gentry in their "outside" residences and all along have contributed in

numerous ways to the good and well-being of their native place. Were all staunch members of the Oddfellows Society for which the eldest, Robert, was trustee for many years and he was also an energetic Poor Law Guardian in the Prescot Union.

Well worthy of mention on Woolton's Roll of Merit.

Rigby, Thomas. Wheelwright. Serving his time with Rushton Brothers, who at that time were in the zenith of their prosperity, he was always considered one of the most capable hands and as a citizen of old Woolton played an active part in all its affairs.

There were also several more of the Rigby family, which is an old name in the locality, who appear to have taken an effective share in local "doings."

Rothwell, John. Postman and Greengrocer. Honest, straightforward and energetic in the extreme, there were few people in the Village who did not know this grand old figure. He was morning postman for 20 years and upwards, and to the last was remarkably keen. His love of his work would be an example to many a modern youth, and his interest in all Village affairs was equally keen. Was a staunch member of the Gateacre Oddfellows Lodge and one of Woolton's best and finest characters.

Rothwell, Anthony. Gardener. Doe Park. Brother to the above and one of the old time standards of the Village, and served the Burrows family of Doe Park faithfully for many years. Their gardens, as mentioned elsewhere, were models of neatness and perfection, due in a great measure to our friend's energy and ability. Though rather reserved and quiet in manner as compared with his brother above was undeniably one of the best and was well esteemed and respected.

Smith, John. Front Street. One of the old 18th Century "veterans." Born 1787 and a perfect type of what the old "rural yeomen" were in those days. For 80 years he was one of Woolton's workers and one of the best. Like his brothers Francis, of Woolton Hall Lodge, and James, of "Pudding Bag Square," he was a principal figure in the precincts of the "Old Cross" and Village Pump, and like them too, he served the Village well and truly. I remember talking to him in 1874 and he gave me a true impression of what our worthy ancestors were in those

far off days, and truly looked what he was, a father in his Generation. Would that there were more of his stamp in these strenuous days.

Smith, Francis. Woolton Hall Lodge. Coming from one of the most ancient families of Old Woolton and probably the best known for the first 70 years of the 19th Century he was of a grand old type and like his brother (mentioned above) was a fair specimen of the old rural days and was "gradely" and "jannock" in its widest sense. Was an old and faithful servant of the Ashton and Jeffery families at Woolton Hall for more than half-a-century, and resided in the Lodge, first when it was opposite the Lodes Pit and afterwards in the present one (before the second storey was added) until 1877. Was a member of the Little Woolton Friendly Society from 1819 to 1877.

His progeny was numerous and all followed in his footsteps. Surely such men have a strong claim to be put down as the real makers of a community.

Smith, Henry. Team Owner. Quarry Street. As stated above the Smith family were of very ancient origin and there were many of its representatives in and around Woolton, but few played such an important part in the industrial life of the Village as Henry, the last of the old "division" of the family.

Wiry and indefatigable, none more so, he looked upon work *real work*, as the tonic of life and it would be correct to say that no team owner "hailed" more stone from the Quarries or did more continuous carting in every branch than did our friend Henry with the Lowe's as a possible exception (in previous years). Amiable and calm in his disposition, never ruffled, he was one of the best of Woolton's workers and that is a strong assertion. His knowledge of horse flesh was proverbial and when from time to time he was persuaded by a would-be purchaser of the "noble quadruped" to accompany them to a Horse Fair or Market in the Country Towns the experienced vendor was taken back a bit on realising that "Owd Smith" from Woolton knew more than he did himself where horses were concerned. He was also one of the most fair dealing and straight of men and yet in the midst of his unceasing labours he managed to find time to take an interest in the various movements, particularly the



REV. GEORGE M. BEAUMONT



JOHN SHANLEY

old Sick Club and the extent of his quiet generosity in the Club Room in paying the Contributions of one or more less fortunate than himself will never be known. As in the case of many of the others, his name on the Roll of Honour should be inscribed in Golden Letters, for the men of that stamp seem to have passed away completely.

Smith, Peter. Joiner. Still another of the great Smith family, and like his relatives and namesakes kept up the old traditional good record of reliability and genuine character.

Was for practically all his life a valued employee of Messrs. William and Thomas F. Hill, and it is reported that as in another case (previously mentioned) it was a matter when a special order came in of "send Smith." Surely a correct specimen of his great ancestors. Was also an energetic worker in the Oddfellows Club.

Shanley, John. Vale Road. Another true and faithful son of the Sister Isle, and being in the service of the Earle family (Allerton Tower) as House Bailiff, etc. for a long period, was well-known and highly respected. His familiar figure passing through the Village will be remembered by many. Like his friend, Michael Gilmartin, his character was beyond reproach, and in him Ireland had a noble representative.

Was a member of the "Marquis of Salisbury" Lodge of Oddfellows and St. Mary's Young Men's Society for about half-a-century, and finally settled in the "States" with his son, who is in a good position, and who, with the other members of his family have emulated with credit the example of their respected Parents. (See Photo).

Sewell Brothers. Contractors. Gas Works. This firm did a large amount of general carting and contracting in the 60's and were the principal managers of the Gas Works for the first few years after its inception until it was taken over by a special Committee with Mr. H. Hatch as its Secretary and Supervisor.

The firm did much good local work in its day, and the Head was a prominent member of the old Local Board.

Simpson, Cuthbert. Hillfoot. Was, I am told, a very important figure in the Woolton of a century ago, 1825, and his name appears in an old Directory of that year as one of the twenty principals

of the Village, and from what I have heard from my own relative was held in great esteem, and like so many of the Big Folk around assisted greatly in every good work.

Seddon, George. Brickmaker. Woolton Street. One of the principal residents in the vicinity of the "Coffee House" in the 70's and who seems to have earned the goodwill and esteem of his neighbours by his "gradely" actions.

In the old days of "Woolton Green," "Owd George," or "Bricky" as he was nicknamed, was a central figure, and seems to have been about the last of the old type of brickmaker.

There were numerous "offshoots" of the Seddon family, all of whom appear to have deserved well of their native spot.

Stirrup, Thomas. Plumber. Another of the old stalwarts of the great "Wainwright" school of tradesmen and one of the best and most reliable. A complete master of his calling, was always in great demand when any exceptional jobs were in progress. During the several long severe winters in the 70's, when practically every householder had their water supply frozen, his services were being requisitioned and like most of the Woolton workers he put his best into everything he undertook. No "scalping" about "Tom Stirrup" was a familiar saying, and in consequence he and his family have always been deservedly respected and reckoned as one of the old standards.

Sumner, Thomas. Painter. (Retired). For many years, up to 1930, one of the best known and most popular of the native Villagers and came of a genuine old stock.

Originally served his apprenticeship with the Wainwrights and worked at his trade up to about 50 years ago, when the whole current of his life was changed, almost in dramatic fashion by his receiving word that a "goodly sum" of money had been left to him by a brother who had gone to Australia many years before and had just died. He was, I believe, given the option of going for it, but as he himself argued there is 15,000 miles of ocean between Woolton and Australia and rather than take the risk, and it was a risk in those days, preferred to take the Attorney's word for it and receiving a handsome sum eventually he thenceforward played the part of a retired gentleman, took part in every good work and "cared for no man." He was one of the few

individuals who dared to make known his politics publicly and he certainly did so for a long period, being envied by many others for that fact. His residence, built shortly after he inherited his legacy, was reputed to be one of the cheapest and certainly the quickest ever built in the Village. Was also a prominent worker and official in the local Druids Friendly Society. No Village Roll of Honour would be complete without *his* name.

Sharples, C. Schoolmaster. St. Peter's Boys' School. It will be seen from the foregoing pages that Woolton was exceptionally fortunate in its literary characters and had for its tutors many men of remarkable talent and ability and not the least of those was the gifted Master of St. Peter's Boys' School in the 60's and 70's. As in the case of several others mentioned, it is a matter of common knowledge that a good proportion of the one time pupils of Mr. Sharples have in these later years got to important positions both in this Country and in the Dependencies owing to the A.I. training given by him. He worked hard for Woolton and is well worthy of mention, and his successor, Mr. J. Haddock, was also a credit to the Village.

Sherry, Charles. Butler and Caretaker of the Village Club. Was without doubt one of Woolton's finest acquisitions. In the service of the James family at "Beaconsfield" for a long period, by whom he was greatly esteemed, he was in 1885 appointed Caretaker of the Village Club at its inception, and for several years proved invaluable in his tactical working and friendly advice to members. Of genial pleasing manner and calm unruffled temperament, Mr. Sherry was a "perfect gentleman" in his every action and richly merits a place in our Roll of Woolton's consolidators.

And whilst on the point of acquisitions to the Village, other than natives, it would not be "jannock" to leave out or ignore those scores of fine old characters who, coming into the service of the various "Big Families" from all parts of the country as Butlers, Footmen, Coachmen, Gardeners, Farm Bailiffs, etc., played their part nobly and well and were largely instrumental in helping the various reform movements that were from time to time being initiated. And though some of them were fond of their little "tot" in the "Elephant," "Coffee House" or "Derby Arms," that did not in the least detract from their good qualities.

It was a sight not to be witnessed in these Socialistic days to see many of them in immaculate suits and silk top hats in the "Hotels" conversing together and almost invariably their topics related to their experiences on the previous "Philharmonic" night, surely an infinitely better subject than that of many of our present-day workers, viz: "How long have you been on the Unemployment" or "Have you any chance of 'getting in' again?"

I knew many of these men personally and would like to have given them a special Roll of Honour, but space will not permit and therefore ask their descendants, who may be among my readers, to accept the will for the deed.

Stoney, Joseph. Gardener. As I have said in the earlier pages the influx of the Gentry naturally brought a good number of highly experienced and gifted men in the gardening profession into the neighbourhood, and Mr. Stoney was one of these. Entering the service of Sir Thomas Earle, Bart., Allerton Tower, about 50 years ago he soon gave proof of his great ability. His profound knowledge of the whole horticultural art was wonderful, and he soon got a place on the various Associations and Committees. And in Woolton's other little movements and innovations he was, and is, a moving figure and one always ready and willing to do his best. He was later Head Gardener for F. H. Gossage, Esqr., Camp Hill, where also he accomplished much valuable work. Though fairly quiet and reserved in manner he gained the esteem of all, of which he is well worthy.

He is still "going strong," and like many others must deeply regret the condition to which the irresistible march of time has brought his adopted Woolton.

Shaw, Harry. A famous and interesting personage in the life of the Village in the 50's and 60's; none more so and being of great stature and lively disposition was nicknamed "Slashing Harry." His name was a by-word with the older generation, and along with "Dicky Ball" and "Joey Rigby" was reckoned one of the "Cob uns" or "lively" characters of the place.

Tuson, Richard. Grocer and Baker. One of Woolton's principal and best known shopkeepers for over half-a-century, and though not of an extraordinary "pushing" character nobly

assisted in every movement and did much good work for the Village in many ways.

Was a prominent member of the Local Board in the old days and in various " offices " under the Prescott Board of Guardians in Woolton interests and where for a considerable period his assistance and sound advice was greatly appreciated. He was also a staunch adherent of the Wesleyan body at St. James's and gave them to the utmost his invaluable aid and co-operation. Other members of the family also figured largely in Woolton's making and his business is still carried on though not on the original colossal scale. As a family all were held in high esteem and extremely worthy of inclusion on Woolton's Roll of Honour.

Threlfall Family. Few families were better known in the 60's and 70's than this one, and none will, I am sure, refuse to give them just credit for their part and share in the making of the Village. William or " Bill " as he was usually called, was the best known and though of brusque manner was a genuine type of village carter. He worked for Timothy Walker for many years, and was genuine in his every action with his fellow workmen. He liked his " glass " at " Mary Ellen's," but that did not in any way take from his good points, and he could be honestly designated a " gradely mon."

His brother, James, was vastly different in general traits and character and was one of the old brigade of Mill workers and rather reserved in his ways. Retiring from the Mill in the 70's he became Landlord of the " Duke " Vaults which he kept for many years. Another of the brothers worked for James Gore and afterwards for Charles Myers, Esqr., Camp Hill. They certainly did their bit in the consolidating of Woolton.

Turton, James. Miller. Another of the old Windmill employees for 40 years, and it is no exaggeration to assert that of all the numerous band of good workers that served their time under the shadow of James Rose's Mill none laboured harder than the honest " Jim Turton," in fact the amount of work he got through was simply astonishing. Genial and good tempered he took everything in good part and his work was a pleasure to him. Being at a " dry job " he liked an occasional drink, but that did not take from his many sterling qualities, to which I myself can

personally testify. He was in the Gateacre Oddfellows Club for many years. Truly a worthy son of Old Woolton.

Tarbut, Joseph. A famous and well-known standard in Little Woolton for a long period and of ancient ancestry. Was an energetic official in the old Little Woolton Friendly Society for most of the century. This Club was one of the first pioneers of its kind in the last decades of the 18th Century and according to their Copy of Rules (one of which I still possess) was organized on excellent lines and did some splendid work for several generations up to the 90's. Societies such as this, coming as they did at a most critical and unsettled period of the Country's History, deserve a special Eulogy, and as a rule were conducted by a splendid type of men of which the above was a fair specimen. All honour to them.

Twist, Robert. Another of the best—one of the most energetic and most reliable men of his day in Much and Little Woolton and recognised as one of the best informed of the Old Brigade. Was keenly interested in Friendly Society work and fully intimate in every detail of their working.

Thomas, David Chas. Grocer. Quarry Street. Few shopkeepers in the "Delf Lane" end of the Village were more popular than "Davy" Thomas. Coming into possession of a snug little grocery business held for many years by an old aunt (Jane Lowry, one of the old school) he threw his whole energy into his work and soon made a reputation for good solid straight dealing, and in fact for over 30 years was one of Woolton's main characters and no good work or reform was ever refused his patronage and financial assistance. He had a large family, mostly daughters, and that seemed only a further incentive to him to carry on. His case is another instance of an outsider (coming from the Principality I believe) inhaling the grand old air of Woolton activity. Knowing "Davy" as I did personally I would not under any circumstances omit his name from our Roll of Honour and not a tenth part of his good deeds and kindly actions to the poorer section in particular have been enumerated.

Taylor, Richard. Butcher. Allerton Road. A grand old stamp of an ancient respectable family and a typical Wooltonian. Took a lively interest in local affairs for many years.

Tuohy, Patrick. Grocer, etc. Still another of Ireland's true sons, and one of Woolton's respected citizens.

Coming "over" at an early age he was in business as a grocer in Quarry Street for many years and was also a good and faithful worker for James Fletcher, of Woolton Hill House. He was a familiar figure going along Church Road (reading his newspaper) for many years. Was well educated and highly versatile and in all was of the truest type. The poorer portion of the Irish element found in him a true friend and adviser and the Shepherds' Club and St. Mary's Mission had in him a valuable asset.

Woods, Thomas. Blacksmith (in the Quarries). Hailing from Little Woolton (of very old ancestry) was well-known and respected. Genial and good tempered in his manner he was a perfect specimen of Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

I have blown the old-fashioned bellows for him on many occasions and thoroughly enjoyed it. Was one of "Timothy Walker's" reliable men, for many years, and later was a plate-layer on the Cheshire Lines Railway at Gateacre.

Whitfield, Charles. Mason Street. One of the famous old types that in the old days did so much for the Village and did it unstintingly and with little show.

Straight in his every action there was no "two ways" about "Owd Charlie," he disdaining all humbug or hypocrisy and from my own personal knowledge of him in his later years I have no hesitation in giving him a "niche" on the Roll of Honour.

Wright, Richard. Grocer. Allerton Road. One of the most estimable and highly respected shopkeepers in the Village in the 70's and of the truest type of citizen.

Of quiet manner, he was nevertheless of noble character and grand ideals and willing to assist in every good work.

Such men as he are an invaluable asset to every community. His family, inheriting his good qualities, have all made good in the truest sense and few are more worthy of mention on Woolton's Roll of Merit.

Webster, Joseph. Carrier. Allerton Road. As the old County Carrier, the last in the locality, this was a true specimen of the old school of local worthies and familiar with all and everybody.

Of steady, quiet manner, Joseph was as he appeared to be part and parcel of the old days, and for many years was highly esteemed and respected. .

Wainwright Brothers. Painters and Plumbers. After the several great Pioneers in the transition of Old Woolton I think the most important firm that came to the front under the more modern changes was that of the Wainwrights (Timothy and David) who for several decades may be said to have "ruled the roost" in their particular line and who undoubtedly owing to their great energy and ability came to be recognised as *the* firm of the Village, and in fact the great majority of the latter-day Painters and Plumbers were originally apprentices with them and as time went on opened up on their own account. They were also foremost in every local affair and no reference to the Woolton of the period from 1850 to 1885 would be complete without including *them* and their multifarious good deeds and great assistance in the task of consolidating and continuing the solid methods of their predecessors. And as a family they interested themselves in the Friendly Societies and in Church work and were universally respected.

Walker, Timothy. Quarry Owner. Scarcely less remarkable than the first pioneers was this grand old specimen, a pioneer in himself, and a worthy successor of James Rose. His talents and business acumen were of the highest order and he turned out much of the finest work in the neighbourhood including the Congregational and St. Mary's Churches. His name was a sure guarantee of a job being well performed and many of the most talented workmen were in his employ.

He was always reckoned a good and considerate master, and although he was in a sense "aristocratic" in his bearing was nevertheless a true friend to his employees.

In his later years—the 70's—he used to come into the Quarries in an immaculate suit and top hat, but that did not lessen his sterling worth nor minimise the great benefits he had conferred upon the Village for a generation or more. He is fully entitled to rank among the best of the Old Brigade, for even now among the old people still living who is there that does not remember "Timothy Walker?"

Warburton, Henry. Postman. For nearly 40 years this good-tempered genial figure was known to all Woolton people, and it is true to assert that he like a few of the others mentioned never made an enemy and never did he appear ruffled or upset in any way. His postal record was of the best and when off duty he was a great promoter of jovial affairs, dances, balls, etc., and if the plain stone walls of the old Mechanics Institute had the gift of speech many an interesting account could they give of Harry Warburton's enjoyable little functions in the 70's and 80's.

He was also a great sportsman and I heard him boast on many occasions that he never failed to visit Doncaster for the "St. Leger," always arranging his holidays for that particular time. Well and truly can he be classed as one of the best and most "jannock" of Woolton's sons.

His father, *George Warburton*, was also a true specimen of the local gardener, and in the special art of Rose Growing was second to none.

Wilkinson, William. Stonemason and Surveyor. Was for many years a familiar figure in both the Wooltons and did much good work.

In the early 70's he kept a Public House in Quarry Street opposite the Timber Yard of Rushton Brothers, and later became Surveyor for the Little Woolton Local Board, being instrumental in the improving of many of the roads. Of pleasant, genial manner he was well respected and was in the truest sense a consolidator and a true friend of the community. Was also one of the "few select pals" of George Howe, of the "Elephant Hotel," who, as a rule, was very particular in his choice of companions.

Wilkinson, William. Gardener. Though rather quiet in his ways this old standard of the Village was one of the best and most highly respected and was a valuable contribution to the community. Was for a long period in the service of Edward Gibbon, Esqr., of "Rose Hill," by whom he was greatly esteemed.

His evident sincerity in all his actions made him many friends and he was in the widest sense a genuine consolidator. The Oddfellows Club had in him a worthy member.

Waterman, R. G. Gardener. As another of Woolton's adopted sons this was one that is well worthy of mention. Coming into the locality in the late 70's, he at once imbibed the local spirit and was soon in the forefront of every movement and by his marvellous energy quickly proved his sterling worth to the Village.

In the Mutual Improvement Society, Gardeners' Association, Village Club, Penny Savings Bank and numerous others, his name became a household word. In his later years he was employed by the Prescott Board as Assistant Overseer, and altogether he accomplished much good work. Of genial manner he made hosts of friends and deserves great praise.

Whittaker, Frederick. Butcher. Woolton Street. Carried on the principal meat business in the Village for many years to the 80's and was a well-known personality. Though rather brusque in manner he was one of the straightest and most reliable. For many years he had the cream of the meat trade among the Gentry and none knew better their exact requirements. His original shop, next to "Tinman" Jones's, was known by the monster "Jargonelle" Pear Tree which enveloped it and which never seemed to fail in its average crop, reckoned about 2,000 annually. It was well worth seeing and the surmised reason for its abnormal "prolificness" was the constant "feeding" with the offals from the Slaughter House. Like the other shining lights, "Fred" was never backward in doing his bit when necessary. When the street was improved in the mid-80's he removed to the new and larger premises next to the Post Office.

Yates, James. Woolton Street. Small Shop. One of the Village "ancients," being born about 1790 and one of the best known. Of plain "unvarnished" ways he was considered by the folks of 1820 to 1870 as one of **their** best types and from reliable information and personal knowledge he appears to have been well worthy of their appreciation, for it was of such stuff our old country consisted at that time. In his last days he resided in one of the old thatched cottages at the end of the "Front Street," in which place I have conversed with him in the early 70's. Truly one of our real "City Fathers."

Yorke, John. Quarry Worker. A well-known "delf man" up to 1880. His special line was the commencing of new posses

or square yards of new rock. It necessitated the removal of first, the grass sod, and then some six to ten feet of loose rubble before reaching the real sandstone. And well he knew his work. None better. His last undertaking was, I think, the clearing of a new "poss" or site behind the present Police Station for Joseph Houghton in 1874 about. I remember watching the proceedings. He was a true type of the old Woolton Quarryman and certainly deserves special mention. His fairly numerous family all appear to have done well for themselves.

Hill, William and Thomas F. Joiners and Builders. This firm has for something like 70 years played a prominent part in the making and building up of Woolton, and as in the case of Rushton Brothers in the Timber and Wheelwright branch and the Wainwrights in the Painting and Plumbing, etc., so were the Hills part and parcel of Village life.

Originally founded by William and carried on by his son, Thomas F., it was in the 60's, 70's and 80's the "nursery" of apprentices to the wood working and many of the later masters emanated from it and some of the best and most perfect. As also in the case of the other firms, both father and son loomed largely in local affairs, and on the old Local Board, District Council, Guardians, Village Club, Sports Committees, etc, the son in particular did a large amount of good work and in the way of business very many of the spacious Greenhouses in the gardens of the various Mansions in the vicinity were erected by them, jobs of this kind lasting in many instances nearly two years. Of stately build and pleasant temperament Thomas F. Hill was one of Woolton's most familiar figures.

The business is still going strong, and the son (another Thomas F.) seems to have inherited a fair amount of the local "grit" and "solidity" though owing to the demolition of so many of the big houses it means going further afield to secure the steady continuous orders of the past.

The Gentry and their Great Assistance to the Village.

It was my original intention to go into detail concerning the great and durable work performed by the various Big Families for the benefit of the Villagers, but, finding that even a moderate account of such would consume a volume of its own and I have very reluctantly to curtail my remarks in that respect. But in ordinary fairness it would not be right to ignore or leave out altogether the immeasurable services to the community of such families as the Ashtons, Gaskells, Gossages, Fletchers, James, Tates, Gibbon, Thorneley, Rimmers, Burrows and many others whose one consistent aim seemed to be the uplifting and assisting of their less fortunate brethren and in giving a brief resumé of one or two of the most familiar it will I venture to think give a little insight into their good deeds generally.

Gibbon, Edward, Esq., J.P. "Rosehill." One of Woolton's Grand Old Men. Was known and respected by all as true and just in his dealings in his Magisterial capacity and gained universal esteem. Generous to a high degree, he gave both his service and financial assistance to every reform movement and few even of the Gentry were more highly appreciated. He will, perhaps, be best remembered as the Opener of the Village Club in 1885, when he is styled by the local poet Mr. Jos. Hesketh, as "Our good friend Mr. Gibbon," and he was certainly a grand asset to that Institution.

In the general well-being of Woolton he was one of the "iron-liners," and as an employer was a perfect model.

Fletcher, Alfred, Esq., J.P. (The "Obelisk," Allerton). Though not actually residing in Woolton, this gentleman's name (whose predecessors were on the spot from the early days of the last Century) was a household word in the Village, as his large domain bordered on the west side of Woolton Vale Road for a considerable distance and practically all his employees were old natives. He was a perfect type of the English Country Gentleman, and though stern in manner, was undoubtedly one of the best and most esteemed of his class.

No worker on his estate needed to fear unfair treatment so long as he "played the game," but if not impartial justice was dealt out without fear or favour.

A keen judge of human nature, the same just impartiality was exhibited when on the Magisterial Bench, as in the case of Edward Gibbon, his fellow magistrate (referred to elsewhere).

No one that was familiar with the Fletcher Family and its long connection with Woolton can deny that the locality is greatly impoverished by their disappearance, and as with many other of the "big Families" they were of immeasurable benefit to the Village in numerous ways.

Their farm lands as a rule were highly cultivated, but now, alas, are Corporation Golf Links, a fate which has befallen a good number of the once "stately homes" of the thriving rural areas to the detriment of the people around.

The James Family were, as mentioned elsewhere, the Donors of the Village Club and generous in many other ways.

The Earle and Tod Families are well worthy of special mention, and have done much for the Village. Their names were as household words for a generation and their great generosity in every emergency such as "Long Frosts," protracted sickness, etc., will not soon be forgotten. I could go on indefinitely recording their Samaritan-like deeds. All honour to them. As to the Gaskells, Gossages, Reynolds and Jump Families it is simply painting the lily to picture or enumerate a tithe of the benefits they have conferred upon the Village in the way of making employment and in personal generosity also. And as with them so with the others whose splendid records I may yet be able to put together in a kind of "Burke's Peerage" in the near future, for it would be a "romance of its own."



FATHER WHITTLE



RIGHT REV. ABBOT BURCHALL, O.S.B.

The Clergy.

Philips, Rev. Samuel. St. Bennet's Priory. Was for many years, from 1824 to 1855, the well beloved Pastor of the Catholic community and though not such of great repute as Dr. Brewer did much good work, and was closely intermingled in the everyday life of the people of the mid-19th Century and was a general favourite with all classes. He died in 1855 and is interred in the old Priory Cemetery among the old folk he loved so well.

Brewer, Dom John Bede (Dr.). St. Bennet's Priory. This shining light of Theology was one of the most brilliant in his day and was appointed to Woolton about 1781 and to hear the old folks expound his wonderful talents in their recollections of their younger days was marvellous to listen to and in possessing such a character the Village was indeed fortunate. Whilst at the Priory he was elected President General of the English Benedictine Congregation, a position only attained by a limited few. Towards the close of the 18th Century, about 1795, the "Black Nuns," at his request, opened a Ladies' Seminary in Woolton Street which they conducted for 12 or 13 years, and were followed by the Misses Lathom and Hampsons.

After accomplishing much good local work he died in 1822 and it is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the finest characters that have at one period or another taken up their abode in Ancient Woolton.

Burchall, Right Rev., Abbott, O.S.B. Came to Woolton in the late 50's and was largely instrumental in the building of St. Mary's Church, 1860, the old Priory Chapel proving too small for the increasing congregation. Like one of his predecessors Dr. Brewer, he too, reached the position of President General of the English Benedictines.

Of noble and venerable aspect he was greatly beloved by his people and at his death in March, 1885 remarkable scenes were witnessed. He was the first to be interred in the new rock Cemetery adjoining St. Mary's Church. (See Photo).

O'Brien, Rev. John Placid, O.S.B. Came to St. Mary's in the mid-60's, and being young and of great energy accomplished many necessary improvements as all the surroundings were at

that time in very rough condition. He undertook the building of the Schools in Mount Street and St. Mary's Street and put the steps up to the Church which previously had been approached by a rocky path and secured the pathway from Church Road to the Church. In the public life of the Village he was also an energetic worker.

Was a true type of the Irish "Soggarth Aroon" among his people and was no mean musician. Was removed to St. Mary's Highfield Street, Liverpool, about 1873.

Whittle, Rev. John Placid, O.S.B. Succeeded Father O'Brien from St. Mary's, Liverpool, and like his predecessor, was young and full of energy and not afraid to tackle apparently hopeless undertakings, and commencing where Father O'Brien left off he soon made many striking changes in and around St. Mary's.

The Schools were enlarged by adding an additional storey (a credit to Messrs. Olver and Sons); the Church was heated by the latest hot water system and was painted and decorated throughout, the grounds laid out in proper form and altogether the Mission benefitted greatly from his untiring energy. One of his many innovations was the distribution of 800 large black wooden crosses to commemorate his great "Mission" in 1874 (referred to elsewhere) and many may be seen to this day in the cottages around. He was certainly a remarkable character and played his part in the improving of Woolton in no small degree. (See Photo.)

Prest, Rev. W. B., O.S.B. Succeeded Father Whittle in 1880. He also accomplished much good work for St. Mary's. Though quiet and cool in his manner as compared with the "fiery" energy of his predecessors was a striking figure and of great ability. His principal works were the erection of new Sacristy and Corridor to the Presbytery to connect it with the Church, the building of St. Mary's Hall, Quarry Street, for the Young Men's Society and the necessary permission to open up the Church Grounds for a Cemetery. He was essentially good and broadminded and was one of the famous line of four "Parsons" that "paraded arm in arm" through the streets at the Opening of the Village Club in September, 1885.

Few of the inhabitants were aware of his many good deeds.

which, as became his usual manner, were done in a quiet, unostentatious way.

Leicester, Rev. Robert. St. Peter's Parish Church. Was first Curate, I believe, at the newly-erected Church of St. Peter in 1826 and afterwards Rector, which important and responsible office he filled until the mid-70's, and his long Pastorship familiarised him with every phase of Woolton life, for his name and good deeds were known in every household.

He was a Father to the people in every sense, and being contemporary with and a great friend of James Rose accomplished much valuable work and he will be remembered as one of those noble characters whose principal aim is to do good to others.

He was the Donor of the Drinking Fountain erected in 1872, at which date the old stone flags round the Lodes Pit were replaced by the present iron railings, and it was exactly at this spot that the old Prison or "Coal Hole," as it was called, with the "Pinfold" adjoining formerly stood in the early days of the century. He resided many years at Chapel House, near the Village Cross belonging to James Rose before the present Rectory was built. He was also responsible for the erection of the Boys and Girls Elementary Schools which, with a few later additions, have sufficed up to the present time. And in this particular case of our Reverend friend the generous deeds and work of the Misses Leicester must not pass unnoticed. Like many others of the Woolton nobility they were of truly Christian ideals and never seemed to tire of doing good to others in the correct Samaritan-like fashion, and knowing them personally I give them their just credit.

Spooner, Rev. G. H. (St. Peter's). Like Father Whittle was to St. Mary's, so Mr. Spooner was to St. Peter's, though not at exactly the same period. His splendid achievements for the good of Woolton are summarised in Part I and it is unnecessary to add thereto, but if any further eulogy of his great work is required it may be summed up as in the case of James Rose and the Wren Epitaph—"If thou seekest his monument look around." Truly does the Ven. Archdeacon deserve to be on the Bede Roll of Woolton's great men, and one of its most sincere "Friends and Consolidators."

Rev. William Davies. (Congregational Church). Another earnest and zealous worker in all that pertained to the general good and uplifting of the Village. He is also referred to in Part I as being the main "instigator" of the formation of the Village Club, and if only for that one item he well deserves honourable mention on the Roll of Honour. But when his years of ceaseless activity in the cause of Temperance and numberless other enervating reforms, as exemplified by his instructive Saturday Evening Entertainments (which, be it remembered, were new innovations at that time). I don't think that any single person would refuse to give him a place in the ranks of Woolton's good old workers and consolidators. He had also around him a band of steady, unselfish workers who nobly seconded and supported his many great ideals and efforts.

Rev. George Beaumont (Gateacre Chapel). In Part I a brief reference is made to the grand and unselfish work of this truly noble character, and in detailing his almost numberless good works a separate volume would be required, and I shall reluctantly have to be content with giving a few facts as published in the local newspapers at the time of his death in 1897.

Hailing originally from Cheshire, his life was almost wholly spent in Lancashire, principally in and around Woolton. For a generation every good cause had his hearty support and his great activity was not confined to his own sect, for among those that benefitted by his great and numerous achievements may be included many "outside" Institutions in the Village and neighbourhood, among them the Gardeners Mutual Improvement Society, Penny Savings Bank, Technical Education Committee, Free Library, Village Club, District Nursing Society and many others. The Mechanics Institute also enjoyed for 30 years the benefit of his guidance, and would in all probability have disappeared altogether but for his sustaining energy, and in the Village Club much of the good accomplished by that Institution came out of his wise suggestions and with his powerful co-operation.

Such a man may be truly designated a real consolidator and richly deserves the most unstinting eulogy. With all her excellent characters Woolton has not had many of the type and

sterling merits of this splendid benefactor. Personally I am proud to put on record his great work on Woolton's behalf. ..

He was elected as successor to the Rev. Noah Jones as Minister of the Unitarian Chapel, Gateacre Brow, in 1862, and the mantle of the gifted Dr. Shepherd, one of his predecessors (referred to below) seems to have fallen on his shoulders. All honour to his memory. (See Photo).

Dr. Shepherd. (Unitarian Chapel, Gateacre). One of the many celebrated and learned figures in the early Victorian days and one whose splendid public services in and around Woolton and the neighbourhood of Liverpool ought not to go unmentioned.

His name is handed down as being among the number of selected representatives on the "Council," formed in London over 100 years ago for "The General Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and in an old publication of 1840 he appears as the principal exponent of the work of that body in the town of Liverpool and its environs. From personal information from several that recollect him, he appears to have been a grand old character, and many of the leading literary "personages" enjoyed his hospitality in his picturesque old home—"The Nook"—(still tenanted and in good condition).

His great work at the old Gateacre Chapel where he ministered for many years is still within the memory of a few of the old inhabitants. It would not be doing justice to Little Woolton to omit his name from the list of those who nobly gave their energy and talents for the general good.

We see from the foregoing that the *Clergy*, no less than the Laity, all gave a helping hand in the moulding and consolidating of Woolton, and as previously remarked, all sects and bodies as a rule worked hand-in-hand amicably together, with the result that the Village as a whole gained immeasurably thereby. May we hope that that fraternal spirit may never be effaced.

The Celtic Element and its part in the Making of Woolton.

No record of Woolton in the latter half of the 19th Century would be complete without reference being made to the important and interesting part that many of the natives of the Sister Isle played in the work of consolidation. And in giving a few details of a limited number of them I feel that they and many others, *not* possible to include, deserve worthy mention. I knew them all personally and have pleasure in recording their unselfish work for the place of their adoption.

McCarthy, John Charles. (Schoolmaster, St. Mary's). Was a genuine type of the old-time Irish Schoolmaster and a remarkably well-read man. It was always his boast that it would require a "horse and cart" to remove his Books, so numerous were they, and all most zealously "preserved," each covered with strong brown paper. Clever in the highest sense he was an unerring judge of human nature, and like several of his contemporaries in the Village, accurately forecasted the future of his boys.

Many humorous anecdotes could be related of his various "doings" whilst at St. Mary's. He was quite a remarkable figure in his day and a genuine worthy character. Came to the Village from Berwick-on-Tweed and afterwards went to Hatton Garden, London, in 1872. I recollect him filling in Census Forms in 1871 for several that could not grasp their intricate requirements.

Wooltonians at the Opening of the L. and M. Railway—Broadgreen 1830.

It is an undoubted fact that a goodly number of old inhabitants of the Village were present at the great event of which the Centenary was only celebrated last September in the Wavertree "Playground." I have heard my own people describe the "scene,"

and depict the depression that came over the crowds when it was "passed along" that Mr. Hutchinson had been killed.

It serves to illustrate that even 100 years ago the old Wooltonians were "up and doing," and anxious to see for themselves the "progress of events," and it meant tramping it for most of them, no small task in those far-off days. It was certainly interesting to listen to their various descriptions of the "Event."

Plough Monday (2nd Monday in January).

This was another little diversion (briefly referred to in Part I) that occupied the attention of many of the rural ancestors of the Village up to about 1875, and over the result of "Th' Plewing Match" many a flagon of good ale and "Egg Nogg" were consumed. It was one of the greatest "Skogging Neets" (see Part I) for the male portion during the long winter months, and many are the "episodes" and "stories" that could be given concerning it.

The old records of "Wellbrook Inn," "The Farmers' Arms," "Old House at Home," "Coffee House," "Elephant," "Bear Inn" and "Black Bull" and "Brown Cow," would, if they were available, confirm my statement.

Lee (or Leigh) Hall (Little Woolton).

Originally in the possession of James Okell, Esq. (1773). This grand old mansion (belonging to the Dutton Family) was in the 70's and 80's of the last Century occupied by John H. Wilson, Esq. (for many years on Liverpool's Water Committee) and during whose occupancy it seems to have attained its greatest perfection. Its principal connection with Woolton was the fact of its magnificent gardens and spacious greenhouses being thrown open to the Villagers and their friends several times each year, which custom was also observed in one or two adjoining localities by the various "Gentlemen Owners." And it is no exaggeration

to say that going through Lee Hall Gardens was a treat in the real sense of the word. For my own part I considered the "Spring Exhibits," consisting mainly of splendid Azaleas and Camillas was "par excellence" the best, while the "Summer Show," although not up to the modern "Corporation Exhibits" in *quantity* was certainly not second to them in point of *quality*. Any reader that can recollect these "Sunday private shows" will, I think, bear me out that they were really enjoyable and well worth seeing, and many a youthful acquaintance in Cupid's line owed its origin to going to Lee Hall Gardens.

The old Hall, after Mr. Wilson's demise, was occupied by Dr. Caton, but has now been empty for many years, and, sad to relate, wears a dilapidated appearance, while the once grand old Hothouses and well kept Gardens are things of the past and the playground of poultry.

It is worthy of note that the last three "steeplechases" connected with the Croxteth Hunt Club, known as "Tarbock Races" were run in the Park, in front of the Hall in 1881-82-83. (See Part I).

The Women of Woolton.

And shall the Story of Woolton be closed without special reference to the work of the feminine portion of the community, for so far, only an occasional mention has been made of any of them, and as we have taken as our Text "*Let us praise our Fathers in their Generation,*" so I think we may without any lowering of dignity include the women also for they too have played a noble part in Woolton's past history.

Whether it be the benevolent representatives of the "Big Houses" round about on their never-ceasing errands of mercy to their fellow villagers less fortunate than themselves, or the Spartan-like wives and daughters of the grand old Pioneers and workers, who in their solid stone built cottages (and often with large families) kept the "home fires burning" and made the comfort of their husbands and brothers their principal aim in life and were content in all circumstances to go on, as the Poet says "In Toils that praise will never pay. To see their lives go past.

To meet in every coming day twin sister of last. To hear of high heroic deeds and give them reverence due, but to feel that Life's daily actions are far more fit for you."

And the Laundry workers—100 or more of them—and Field and Garden workers in scores also, were they no assistance in those strenuous days? Truly were they all the Miriams, Judiths and Esthers of our generation and may the memories of their grand examples never fade from the hearts of their descendants. I would have liked to have mentioned many of their names but space will not permit.

"Bishop Eton" Monastery.

Of all the Institutions in and around Woolton that contributed to the uplifting and assisting of the humbler classes of the Village this one stands unique, inasmuch as it took up and is still perpetuating much of the ancient work of the Knights of St. John at the Old Hall in the 11th and 12th Centuries. Ever since its erection in 1860 or thereabouts the Services have always had a kind of fascination for the Woolton Catholics, as indeed they still have for many of the 'City' parishioners and for the last 70 years it has never ceased to provide for the poorer portion a regular meal of appetising soup, and even yet many of the aged and infirm may be seen trudging with their cans for the welcome gift, and as far as I know their Sect or belief is not questioned. It has certainly played a noble part in assisting the poor and in the words of an old song, it would be correct to say:—

Full well the poorer portion knew
They had not long to wait
If they could but contrive to reach
The Monastery Gate.

And it is consoling that even in these strenuous days the old genuine hospitality has not altogether disappeared.

It is at least worthy of mention in connection with Woolton's Story, although not, strictly speaking, inside the Boundary.

Synopsis.

It has been my *principal*, I may say my *only* aim in the foregoing pages to extol the merits and deeds of a past generation in the hope that their great example may have its due effect on the youth of to-day, for look at it in whatever light we may, it is apparent to every keen observer of present-day events that the great solidity and tenacity of purpose which characterized our ancestors in the last Century is, to a very great extent, now lacking with dire results to the community at large.

And if we fail to take in the lesson or to grasp the importance of those great ideals which permeated all their undertakings then must the locality and the country in general inevitably suffer.

Let then the memory of their great work and brilliant achievements, coupled with their indomitable will, which triumphed over every obstacle, be to us in these latter days as a 'beacon-fire on the hill-top,' pointing the way to real progress and to better things, and let us ever regard them (in the words of an old poet) as :—

Workers who have fought and struggled
Gainst the wrong and for the right,
Men whose deeds shine through the darkness
Like a Beacon in the night.
They shall surely live for ever
Who in glory writes their name
In the Book of Man's Endeavour
On the blazing scroll of Fame.

J.F.M.

1931.

I Remember, I Remember,

I remember, I remember
The Village on the hill
Where betwixt the wooded landscapes
Stood the Parish Church and Mill.

THE STORY OF WOOLTON

And well do I remember
The old Sails whirling round,
To me the prettiest of all sights
Along that rising mound.

I remember, I remember,
The place where I was born,
Where the clang of Quarry Workers
Was a pleasing sound at morn.

I remember, I remember,
The "Club Days" and the "Green,"
The "Garland Carriers" and their "Maids,"
A truly "Rural" scene.

And Oh I do remember,
The "Races" and the "Shows,"
The ancient stone-built houses
In their quaint, old-fashioned "rows."

And I shall long remember
The dear, old Folk around
With their straight, unselfish actions
Alas, now seldom found.

But, the greatest, keenest pleasure
Was the "Stiles" and "Paths" to roam,
May their memories ever linger
Till we reach our lasting Home.

J.F.M.

Lines by a Local Poet.

(WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.)

ALLERTON HALL, 1829.

God of the changeful year, amidst the glow
Of strength and beauty and transcendant grace
Which on the mountain heights, or deep below
In sheltered vales, and each sequestered place

Thy forms of vegetable life assume ;
 Whether thy pines, with giant arms displayed
 Brave the cold north, or wrapt in eastern gloom
 Thy trackless forests sweep a world of shade ;
 Or whether, scenting Oceans heaving breast,
 Thy oderiferous isles innumerable rise
 Or under various lighter forms imprest,
 Of fruits and flowers, Thy works delight our eyes ;
 God of all life whatever those forms may be,
 O may they all unite in praising Thee.

The Building of St. Mary's Hall.

This Recreation Room attached to the Catholic Mission of St. Mary's, was erected in 1883-84 by the Rev. W. B. Brest, O.S.B. as stated elsewhere, and it is unique inasmuch as the stone, or most of it, was quarried by the members themselves from the adjoining ground. Though only 80 to 100 in number a large proportion of them gathered in the evenings after their ordinary day's work and, as can be seen to-day, made a good job of it. The actual erection was done by Fogarty and Sons, Old Swan, and the total cost was about £600, which was wiped off in a year or two by a Bazaar and Drawing of Prizes, etc. Such was the energy of the workers of those days. It is the headquarters of the 'St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, founded by Dean O'Brien in 1856 and still plays an important part in the Mission.

The Beacon Fires of Woolton Hill.

It seems to be an undoubted fact that the high ridge of Woolton Hill has on various occasions been made use of for Beacon and Bon-Fires in the Centuries past, and more recently on the Celebrations of special events, the last being the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in June, 1897, and also other minor

affairs, unfortunately the greatest of them all being the burning of the Old Mill itself, March 28th, 1898 (after which it was never rebuilt) and the fact that two large residences nearby are called "Beacon Hill" and "Beaconsfield," makes it fairly certain that the high ground was taken advantage of in the past to fulfil its part in the lines of communication that Beacon Fires on high hills and eminences afforded in those days. And it is worthy of note that in the nomenclature of practically all the lanes and residences in the locality have been found on investigation to have been so called owing to certain events having taken place close to as handed down by tradition.

The Mill Stiles Footpath.

This well-known footway may, I think, claim to be one of the most unique in the country, and out of the great numbers that make use of it, few, I venture to say, have any idea of their position or "exact standing." Originally a stony track made by the workers over the slope from Church Road to Woolton Vale, the rock has, in course of time, been hewn away from both sides to the depth of 80 to 100 feet, and was walled up as the excavation went on until it is at the present time and has been for many years a narrow ledge of rock some five feet wide with a sheer drop of at least 25 yards on each side for a distance of over 150 yards, particularly on the north side, work having ceased on the opposite side for over 20 years, although it is in this direction that the "cream" of the sandstone lies untouched, and in the past quarrying of which several generations of Village workers passed their lives.

How many persons would use the old footpath if the walls were removed is a matter of conjecture and few "stile roads" or "passages" could, if the power of speech were given them, unfold more stirring narratives, for over its stony setting there have in the last century passed countless thousands of "all sorts and conditions of men," and it is no exaggeration to assert that it has always been considered Woolton's greatest and most interesting pathway.



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